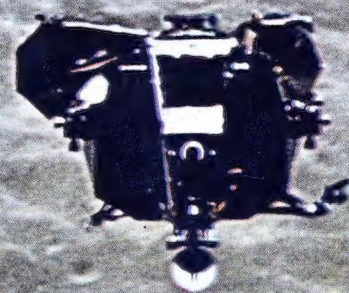


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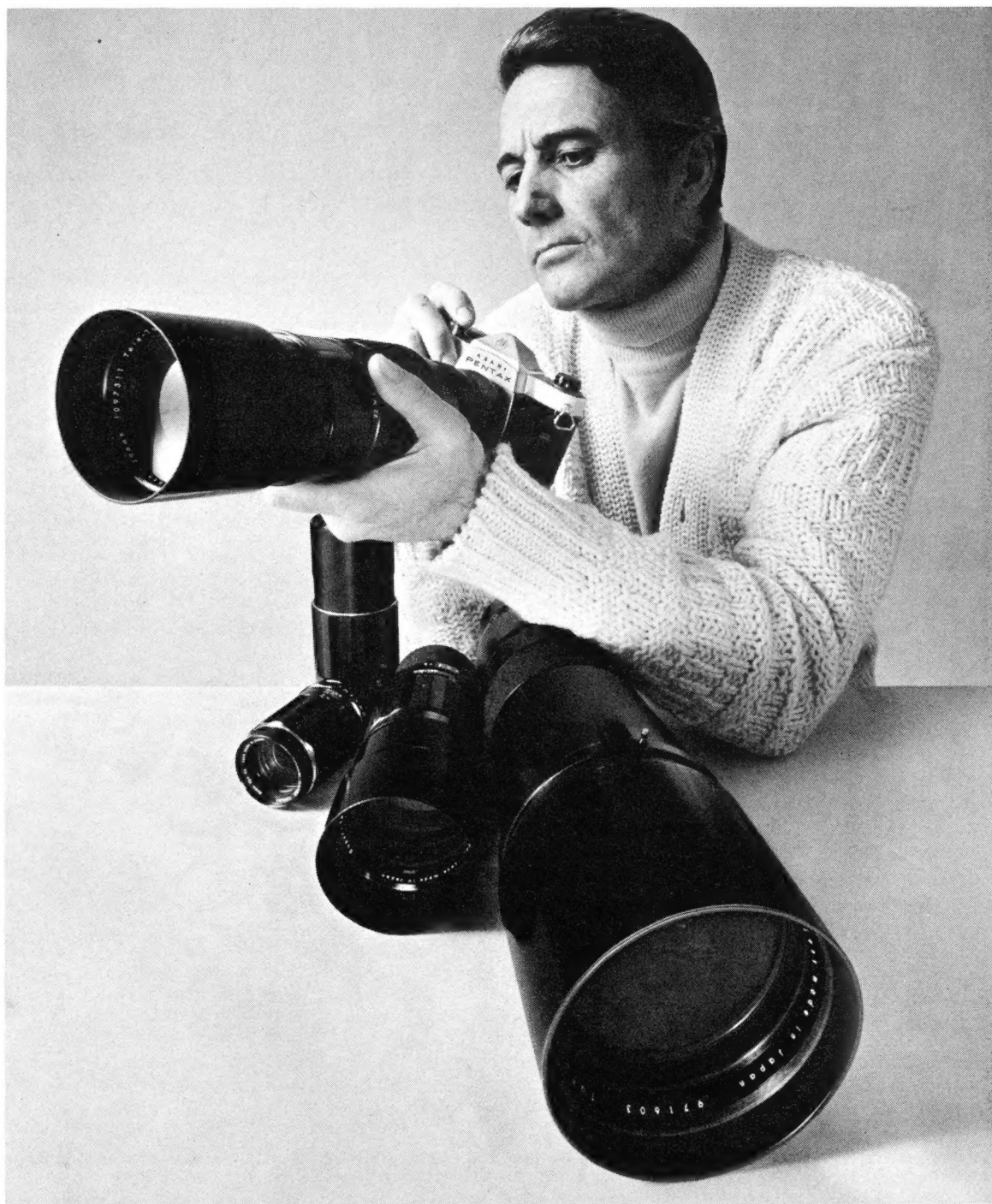
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A word from a departing M.E.

This is the last issue of LIFE that I shall edit. Next issue the signature at the end of this column will be that of Ralph Graves, a bold signature, without unnecessary flourishes.

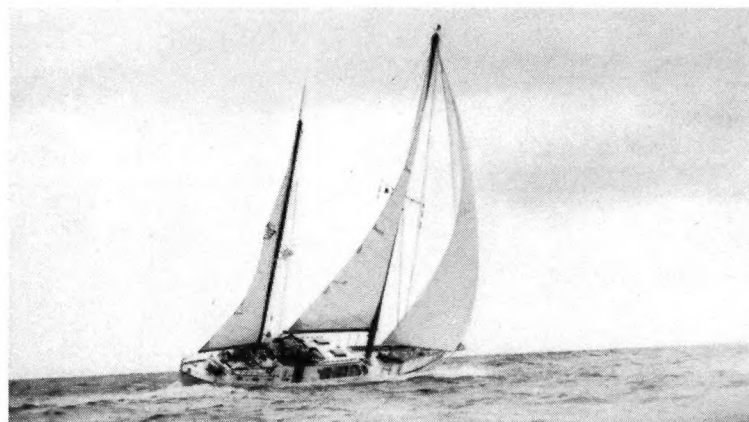
Ralph was an assistant managing editor of LIFE for 6½ years. He stood at my right side, advised, objected, acted, shouldered burdens, took his turn editing in my absence. He was one of a team of editors who grew around me in the marvel of the excitement and thrust of our times.

Not so long ago, the Editor-in-Chief, Hedley Donovan, stole Ralph Graves from LIFE and made him Senior Staff Editor of all Time Inc. publications. Ralph continued to make his judgment felt among us here. Yet, at times, I wondered whether he, in that lofty spot, was getting a little remote—maybe bored. It was good to learn that, as Mr. Donovan put it, Ralph accepted the managing editorship of LIFE "with alacrity."

I had said from the beginning of my tenure that for me this was an eight-year job. It has been seven years and 11 months since those invigorating weeks when one first begins to understand the scope of this responsibility. To reflect on the years that followed is—in this brief space—simply to say that this editorship is consuming to the hilt; that it is, in the purest sense, a quest for truth; that it insists on quality, that it demands a breadth encompassing points of view and fairness and bite in critique; that it sallies forth into crusades that enoble society. It is—and must be—unrelentingly creative.

It is hard for me to leave this, to leave friends, colleagues—people of talent, feeling and thought with whom there is continuous warm response. I shall miss the urgencies of closing nights (of this closing night) with film arriving late, with the lab developing those great prints, with pencils scratching across layout pads and reporters and writers laying down in type their information and their style. I shall miss the criticisms within ourselves and the force of discussions. I shall miss the joy and professionalism of this splendid LIFE staff, many of whom you have read about in this column.

To soften the break, to have a spell of thinking and rethinking, I am off for a year aboard my 57-foot ketch, crossing the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, then back across the South Atlantic to the West Indies, and from there up through those islands to our northern coast by next June. She is a tough yet lovely boat. Her name is *Baraka* which means "one possessed with good fortune." If it were possible, I would invite all eight million, five hundred thousand of you aboard.



BARAKA UNDER SAIL

George P. Hunt
 GEORGE P. HUNT, Managing Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

In defense of Sweden's way of life

DR. MOORE AND SWEDEN

Sirs:

I read with interest tinged with a faint annoyance the letter by Dr. M. Moore (May 12 issue) and I feel that as an Englishman who knows a certain amount about Sweden, I must try to correct some impressions thrown out in the learned doctor's own "corrections."

Of course taxation seems high by comparison, and the benefits in proportion are bound to seem doubtful if you are an American already in a reasonably high-income bracket. You would probably be much better off in America, for the social taxation is lower for this sort of thing, and the benefits you could afford anyway—except perhaps some of the more massive hospital bills. The major difference is that in Sweden, as to a certain extent in the U.K., these benefits, everything from virtually free medicine to the high standard of living itself, are equally available to all. You will not be able to see the relatively enormous numbers of people living in grinding poverty that can be found all too easily in the States.

Certainly Sweden is far from perfect, and I must admit that sometimes the Swedes try to make out that it is. There is little discrimination, but maybe this is because there is no large indigenous colored population as in America, no continuous influx of Commonwealth immigrants as in Britain. The climate is far from perfect—though the Swedes can hardly be blamed for that. There is a high degree of conservatism, paradoxically enough, though it would take another 10 pages to explain why. And there is, certainly, an astonishingly high cost of living. But, and it is a big but, Sweden can still maintain with confidence that she has the highest overall standard of living for all of her people in the world.

What are the things that Dr. Moore complains of as being overtaxed and expensive? Consumer goods or luxuries, like radios, TV, dogs, cars, gasoline, Scotch, etc. All very nice, but what about the Americans who could never afford these sorts of things anyway? America is not an equal society yet, though it is on the right road. But it is easy to criticize Sweden when you are one of the Haves already. I would be very interested to hear the views of some of the non-Swedish Have-Nots.

ROGER DEELEY

Uphill, England

Sirs:

... I came to Sweden when I was 10 and I'm very pleased to be here. ...

PIRJÖ VANTAA

Surahammar, Sweden

Sirs:

... No, Sweden is not a paradise, far from it, but taxes do accomplish something here, and not "only" free hospitalization. ... Parents get an annual grant of \$200 for every child under 16. If the child is still at school at that age the grant is continued till he/she finishes it, usually up to the age of 18. School breakfasts are free for all children. School materials are free. Medicine is subventioned, i.e., any medicine of any kind will at the most cost \$3. How much

does it cost for an American youth to study at a college? Swedish and foreign students pay \$8–18 a term depending on the university, student union and faculty. Grants (\$350 annually) and no-interest loans (from the state) up to \$1,200 annually, for all Swedish students, that are not taken away if the students engage in demonstrating.

I don't agree either with Dr. Moore that clothes are more expensive here. I stayed for three months, studying, in Michigan and it broke my heart every time I went looking for clothes there. ...

I'd like to ask Dr. Moore if he thinks that a country must be perfect, before an individual in that country can criticize an article or another country.

LISA BENGTSO

Solna, Sweden

Sirs:

... Even if many people go to the Canaries because they can't stand the climate, there are people who like "the rainy summers and cold winters." I do.

INGER NILSSON

Nora, Sweden

Sirs:

... Everything he points out about Swedish society is true, especially their complacency and self-satisfaction. But for an American to criticize Sweden as a materialistic country is, as the saying goes, a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

LAURI BROWN

Kalmar, Sweden

► Reader Brown is an American exchange student in Sweden.—ED.

Sirs:

... As to the "dirty and poor gypsies," as Dr. Moore puts it, there is no discrimination compared to the American type; they have been given houses, clothing, money and free education by the Swedish government. The image of "discrimination" is partly due to one or two gypsies who shout their heads off whenever a gypsy is showed or mentioned in anything less than a respectful way. ... Another reason for their talk about "discrimination" is that we don't let all the gypsies of the world come to Sweden. Why should we? There is an immigration quota for all nationalities except Danes, Norwegians and Finns. ...

SVANTE NILSSON

Helsingborg, Sweden

Sirs:

In his article: "To Mon Général: Farewell, with Love and Anger" (May 26 issue), Romain Gary says that "now every Mini-Frenchman can look forward to better telephone systems, more freeways, better housing, higher wages and, with some luck, to belonging one day to a country like Denmark, Sweden, or perhaps even like West Germany. Touch wood."

Yes, touch wood. Because Gary seems to forget that the grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence. In this country (Denmark) it costs \$150 to have a telephone installed, 20 cigarettes cost a dollar (most of it tax) and a little Volkswagen—the most popular in the country—sells at over \$2,400, more than half tax. The housing

situation is impossible. In and around Copenhagen you would consider yourself lucky to find a newly constructed flat of two rooms, bath and kitchen at \$150 a month (that is a lot more money here than it is in the United States). Quite often, you will have to pay more. Trade union negotiations this year fixed the minimum wages at about \$60 a week. Today, almost 25 years after the war, we still carry some tough housing restrictions. Only a short while ago, the Copenhagen City Council decided to allow single persons over age 30 to rent a 1½ room flat if they find one. Before, they had to be at least 35. The road to hell is paved with restrictions.

This is not hell on earth but it certainly isn't paradise either. I recommend anyone who wants to know more about the reverse side of the Scandinavian welfare state to read David Jenkins' book: *Sweden and the Price of Progress* (Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1968). Then we can talk some more.

J. C. LYNGBYE

Copenhagen, Denmark

BALI AND JAVA

Sirs:

Your article "Hello Bali"—(March 17 issue) surprised me. The photo on page 46 is not a photo from Bali.

It is a photo of two dancers from Java.

Look at the costumes the dancers wear. ...

YUDHIRA TOMIE

Leuven, Belgium

Sirs:

... Legong dancers have a very special headgear full of kambaja flowers! ...

Anyhow, may I congratulate you for this excellent article and photos?

N. SURYANTI

Djakarta, Indonesia

► The photograph was taken at the Bali Beach Hotel and the girls and their costumes are Balinese, but the dance was not the legong, as LIFE, relying on a local guide, said.—ED.

BERNADETTE DEVLIN

Sirs:

Thomas A. Dozier in his excellent article on the Northern Ireland situation (May 12 issue) states: "Protestant extremists have found a new leader in the Reverend Ian Paisley whose policy might be easily oversimplified in one phrase 'Death to all Catholics!'" This is no oversimplification. ...

FINBARR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sirs:

... You credit Miss Devlin with attacking her opposition in her maiden speech with: "There never was an Englishman who understands the Irish people." The phrase was in her speech, but, according to the *Daily Mail*, in quite a different context:

I would like to remind Mr. Chichester-Clark that I too was in Bogside on the same night.

As he so rightly stated there never was born an Englishman who understands the Irish people.

... It's a minor point, perhaps, but ... I do not like to see a significant piece of oratory inaccurately reported!

MARY PAT STONE

Newmarket, England

Sirs:

Bernadette Devlin's campaign, you say, reeked of Guinness. As if to illus-

trate, you depict a 4-year-old boy drinking in a pub, and describe him as sipping stout. But alas, even if the child is Irish, the drink he swallows looks more like lemonade. ...

AMBROSE W. HAGARTY

Dun Laoire, Ireland

► The boy drank from his father's almost emptied glass of Guinness.—ED.

VICTORIA EUGENIE

Sirs:

In your article of H.M. the late Queen Victoria-Eugenie of Spain (May 12 issue), it was stated that Her Majesty was the last surviving grandchild of Queen Victoria. This is incorrect as there are still two surviving grandchildren, namely: (1) Lady Patricia Ramsey who, prior to her marriage to the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsey, was Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria's third son, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. (2) Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was the only daughter of Queen Victoria's fourth and last son, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany.

MR. ROBIN J. PAYNE

Croydon, England

► Reader Payne is correct. Lady Patricia and Sir Alexander Ramsay are in excellent health, live in Surrey, and recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Princess Alice, widow of the first Earl of Athlone, also is in good form; she recently returned to her Kensington Palace home after a tour of Scottish gardens. LIFE erred also in crediting Queen Victoria with 34 grandchildren: she had 40.—ED.

SEX AND SENSUALITY

Sirs:

You ask, "How far is far enough?" (April 14 issue). We in South Africa are painfully aware of restrictions of art forms. Only this year was the ban on Robert Graves' *I, Claudius* lifted. With it went the ban on the "obscenity" of D. H. Lawrence and Émile Zola. Someday we hope to read more of George Orwell, Ernest Hemingway and Mary McCarthy.

It is not that I object to some of the material that is censored—some of it deserves it. But in accepting the right of government to censor any art forms, you place yourself in a position where much that is worthwhile is censored. ...

Please—may I urge Americans to hang onto their freedom of expression. I envy you it.

SIMON WALKER

Capetown, Republic of South Africa

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT

Sirs:

... It is difficult to believe that a book like *Portnoy's Complaint* (March 3 issue) can be classified as outstanding contemporary literature. ... The reviewer referred to the contents as comic FREUD. I think it is closer to a ridiculous FRAUD. The same material seriously considered would be relegated to inferior pornography. Written as comedy it becomes "literature"? ...

ALAN MCCARROLL

Mexico City, Mexico

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if you don't know what "temptation" means,

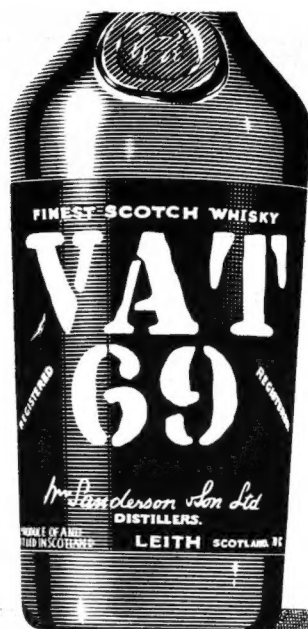


Cinzano does

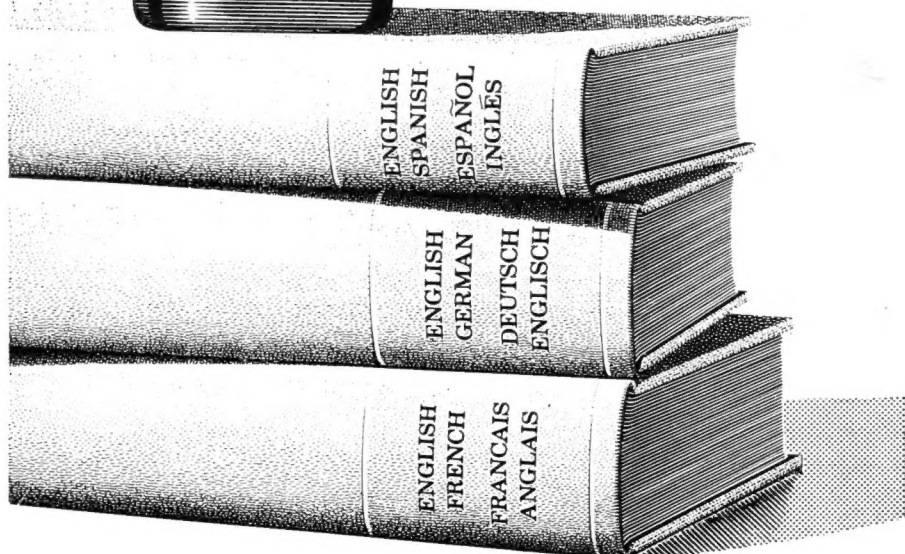
bianco, rosso, dry

CINZANO

vermouth



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 -whisky escocés,
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 Whisky,
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from **TIME** Publisher's Letter

The Scene / OCOSINGO, MEXICO

Pilgrimage to the Sierra Madre

Ocosingo is a lonely and almost unknown town. It is situated at 16°54'39" N. latitude and 92°05'19" W. longitude on the edge of the Lacandón jungle in the state of Chiapas in southern Mexico. It is at an altitude of 2,980 feet in a little valley of the Sierra Madre drained by the Rio Jataté. The Jataté wanders off into the jungle, becomes the Lacantún, which flows into the Usumacinta and finally reaches the Gulf of Campeche on the coast of Tabasco. There is a single wilderness road out of Ocosingo, leading uncertainly south to Comitán. But the best and sometimes only way to get in or out is by light plane flown by a venturesome bush pilot.

Even plane travel is uncertain at this time of year. The Indians are burning jungle brush, and along with it some valuable mahogany, to clear new patches for corn planting before the rainy season. The air is blue with smoke and visibility is precarious, so there aren't many people flying in and out.

No tourist trap

There never are, for that matter. There isn't much reason to go there. Mayan ruins? Yes, at Toniná, just a few miles to the east: broad terraces of shaped stone under the overwhelming brush, with a ruined temple at the top. Locals say an underground passage connects it with Palenque, 50 kilometers to the north, but no one seriously believes that. While there are some beautiful stone artifacts scattered around, it is a difficult place to reach and the ticks are ferocious. The coral royal poinciana and the purple jacaranda are brilliant just now, but you can see these in more civilized and comfortable places. The jungle trees are thick with bromeliads and orchids, but they aren't blooming yet. The *cabildo*, or town hall, in Ocosingo is spectacularly gaudy (orange, lemon yellow, lime green) but the sight of it isn't worth the trip. The Tzeltal Indians, a Mayan remnant, are exotic, but not that exotic. The accommodations at the Bodas de Plata (Silver Wedding) hotel are—well, quaint.

So normally there's really no reason to go. And yet a few of us felt compelled to go there recently. Our reason was that an unusual man had gone there 45 years ago and fallen in love with the country. A wiry, well-muscled man, he showed up with a large view camera, a box of books, a supply of notebooks and, strangely, a portable phonograph. He would take off on seemingly aimless expeditions into the jungle.

An indefatigable researcher

Victorino Trinidad Vázquez, a sometime schoolteacher, often went with him, helping with the gear and translating Indian dialects into Spanish. Victorino remembers him as being *muy integro*, *muy hombre* (much integrity, much man).

Don Pepe Solórzano, a rancher, remembered him too: a man who was always studying things, asking questions and writing in his notebooks. He was interested in everything: plants, animals, archaeological ruins, Indian folklore and ways of living, working conditions in the hardwood timber camps.

For a long time nobody knew him as anything but Torsvan the photographer. Much later Don Pepe read a novel about workers in the mahogany camps and thought he saw a connection between some of the material in the novel and the persistent, knowing questions Torsvan had asked him long before. The novelist's name was B. Traven.

Traven Torsvan continued going back to the Lacandón through the '20s and '30s. He wrote a series of jungle novels and short stories to go with his better-known novels such as *The Death Ship* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Some of the novels were bitter, ironic and cruel and some, like *The Bridge in the Jungle*, were tender. In *Bridge* an Indian child is drowned in the river. The body is recovered, dressed in finery and buried while fireworks explode and local musicians play an Indianized version of *It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'*.

CONTINUED

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The Scene / OCOSINGO, MEXICO

But while B. Traven, novelist, was becoming famous, Traven Torsvan remained virtually unknown. His addiction to privacy and anonymity raised worldwide speculation about the author's true identity. To the very end of his life only a few people knew that Traven and Torsvan were in fact the same man.

In March, Traven Torsvan, 78, died in Mexico City. Before dying he had asked that his ashes be scattered over the Lacandón jungle. In April Chiapas announced plans for a ceremony of homage to its famous chronicler. It would be the sort of occasion Traven Torsvan had avoided in life. But his widow, Rosa Elena Luján de Torsvan, reasoned that this final demonstration of friendship, pride and total acceptance by Mexico, his adopted country, would have pleased him after all.

At Tuxtla Gutiérrez, the Chiapas capital, there were eulogies by the governor, the municipal president, writers and intellectuals. There was a vigil, an exhibition of Traven books in all languages in the brand-new state university, the installation of a death mask and a cycle of poetry readings.

Skyrockets and flower petals

The next morning we flew to Ocosingo. Here everything was simpler and more in Traven's style. The local marimba and its four players were at the airstrip playing *La Golondrina*. The municipal president, Dr. Luis Antonio Gordillo, a dentist, greeted the widow and relieved her of the cedar box that held her husband's ashes. Schoolchildren lined the dirt street and scattered flower petals. The local master of fireworks, followed by his aide with an armload of homemade skyrockets, set them off one at a time, holding them delicately with thumb and forefinger and lighting them with his cigarette. Even the priest and two nuns, all Americans, came out in mufti to see the nonreligious proceedings.

There were more eulogies at the *cabildo*. The widow and Dr. Gordillo walked out of the town hall carrying the cedar box. Three Indians playing hand drums and a primitive flute fell in behind them, and townspeople fell in behind the musicians until there was a procession of several hundred. A gasoline lantern was lighted and the moving figures cast strange shadows on pastel-tinted walls. The route led to a thatched-roofed, wattle-walled *jacal*, previously selected as "the most humble house of the village."

The village's silent goodby

The ashes were placed on a rough table draped with Mrs. Gordillo's lace tablecloth and lighted by four candles. Old friends such as Victorino took turns standing stiffly at attention by the table. Store-bought shoes, *huaraches* and bare feet shuffled on the earth floor. Dark eyes stared into the candlelight. A crying baby was quieted with an ample breast. The single room held about 40 people. Some would leave and others would come in, take a seat on a bench and stare. Outside two dogs had a fight and some teen-agers giggled. The Indian musicians continued to play softly and repetitively. The melody was not *It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'*, but parts of it did sound like *Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush*. This went on for two hours: no eulogy, no text, no sermon and no talk except for discreet whispers. Then, as if on signal, Dr. Gordillo and some friends went to the next-door *jacal*, where a cooking fire had been smoldering on the floor, and brought back *tamales chiapanecos*, bits of pork and sweet plums molded into yellow cornmeal and wrapped in banana leaves. The tamales were eaten, fingers licked and the goodnights said.

The next morning Traven's good friend Federico Canessi, the sculptor, took the ashes aloft in a single-engine Cessna and scattered them over the jungle and the Rio Jataté. And Dr. Gordillo announced that by decision of the state legislature and by the authority vested in him as constitutional president of the municipality of Ocosingo the village would, henceforth and forever, be known as Ocosingo de Traven, or Traven's Ocosingo. That will make Ocosingo a little better known to the outside world. But it won't make it any easier to get to. Traven would like it that way.

by William Weber Johnson

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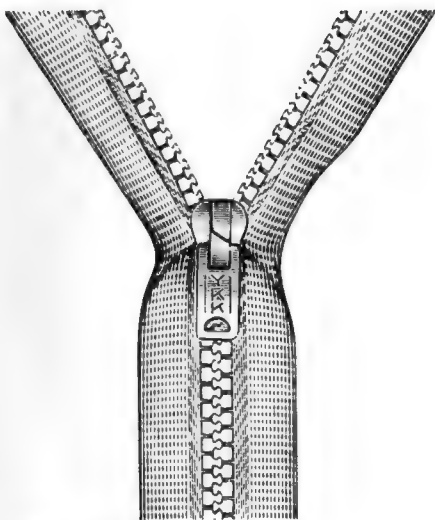
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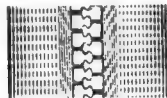
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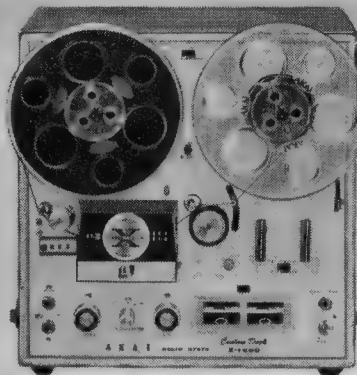
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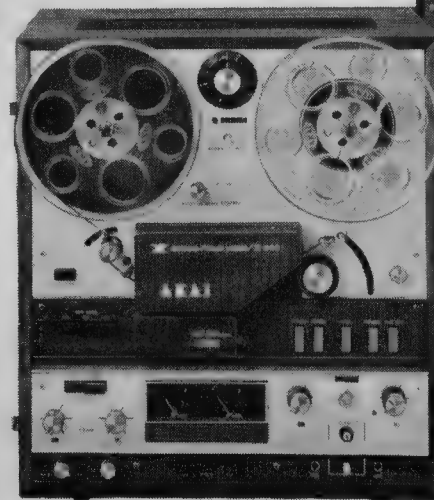
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the drink to begin with.

by RICHARD
WOODLEY

After pausing for a shower at his Brooklyn Heights apartment, Mailer visits yet another rally with Breslin

A literary ticket for the 51st state

We are," says novelist Norman Mailer, speaking, with his customary candor, of the ticket upon which he is currently running for mayor of New York, "incompetent, innocent, and of unsavory reputation." But, points out his running mate Jimmy Breslin, a New York journalist, "If you think we're crazy, look at the other candidates. You wanna die." The other candidates in the Democratic primary this month include former mayor Robert Wagner, who held the post for 12 years. Mayor John Lindsay is running for re-election as a Republican.

"Nobody would vote us in because of who we are," Mailer says, "so if we win, it is for our ideas." Their basic idea is to make New York City the 51st state, and give town-like power to the neighborhoods. More tax money would be kept in the city-state, the people would participate more actively in the democracy, and the metropolis might thereby be saved.

"Vote the Rascals In," say the campaign buttons. Can these rascals be serious? "I refuse to say I'm serious," Mailer told a small crowd at a fund-raising party. He hunched and rolled his shoulders like a fighter, which he enjoys resembling, and smiled and pursed his lips and held his drink and everybody's rapt attention. "I think I'm serious. All day I'm serious. Then I get up in the morning and I look in the mirror and I say, 'You're not serious.'"

The Mailer-Breslin campaign, launched six weeks ago, took a nearly disastrous turn at their first big rally at a Greenwich Village nightclub. From the stage Breslin firmly predicted: "We're going to put the English language back in politics." Then Mailer stood up, and apparently annoyed at the presence of so many important

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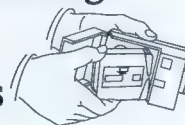
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and wealthy people who like to be seen in the right places, waved his whisky glass and spewed out a stream of obscenities. "Get away from me," he hollered at photographers warily approaching the stage. To the audience, he said: "You help us or don't come near us. . . . You're all spoiled pigs. . . . I'm not the only nearsighted crazy man in America. . . . Anybody who runs for mayor for fun in this city," he said hesitating, "deserves to," hesitating again, "run for fun." Someone yelled "technical foul," and someone else asked Mailer to sing *Melancholy Baby*. "Let me finish," Mailer yelled, "'cause I'm talking hard. . . . The city is controlled from without. . . . There's no objective correlative in this city. . . . I run on a platform of free Huey Newton and end fluoridation."

That episode almost lost Breslin, who is running for president of the city council. He called Jack Newfield, a fellow writer who had helped put together the ticket, at 4 a.m. to say: "I knew I was crazy, but you got me running with Ezra Pound!" Later in a bar Breslin pleaded, "Norman, you just can't be so frivolous with this." "Jimmy, Jimmy," Mailer said, smiling and pulling his shoulders back so that he resembled a bent bow, "you don't want us to lose our style." Breslin stared at the ceiling, tapped the ashes off his cigar, and went outside and pounded his fist into the brick wall.

Except for the fact that they are both strong-willed, hard-drinking, visceral writers, the two author-candidates have little rapport. Mailer is cosmic, Breslin civic. Breslin is a dark, round, loud, handsome Irishman who spent 20 years establishing himself as the most street-wise Runyonesque reporter in the city. Mailer, who this year won a National Book Award and a Pulitzer prize, is capable of stitching intricate, sensitive, profound thought with the very romantic baloney his campaign decries. He is also unpredictable and explosive. Both men are intense, but Mailer is likely to sneak up on a serious

moment and clout it. Breslin was explaining to a group: "We win, we hold a referendum to make this the 51st state, then you throw us the hell out and get competent administrators." "Throw you the hell out," injected Mailer from behind him. To try to build a constituency Mailer has consented to restrain certain of his natural inclinations, such as swearing. "People at headquarters were looking at me with sad eyes," he recalls. "You can't run a campaign unless you observe the amenities. And that apparently is one of the amenities, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-nine." But in another reflective moment (while suffering "spiritual miasma"), he was heard to remark, "I don't want to be mayor of this evil, evil city."

Still, almost in spite of itself, the Mailer-Breslin campaign has been picking up. Like other large cities, New York is damned by its relation to the state, whose legislature has little sympathy for the big city. Of the mayoralty candidates, only Mailer and Breslin have dared suggest a radical solution: statehood for the city—unrealistic, perhaps, but no joke. And these two men, for whom words really mean something, seriously challenge the rhetorical evasions and cynical deeds that are the hallmark of professional politicians.

"You have to use your imagination on this," Mailer says. "We're amateurs. But there's no reason why people shouldn't have confidence in men of letters. If we get elected, this town will turn on."

"I get angry when people ask me if I'm serious. What they mean is, am I qualified to run this city? Whatever I am, I'm not crazy. I can't run the city. But the city is dying. I'm just as qualified as those other bastards. Serious is an existential word. I suppose someday I will approach the Lord, and I will say: 'Lord, was I serious?'"

A full-time campaigner, Mailer takes his message into Harlem where he is told that most of the residents already favor incumbent Mayor John Lindsay.



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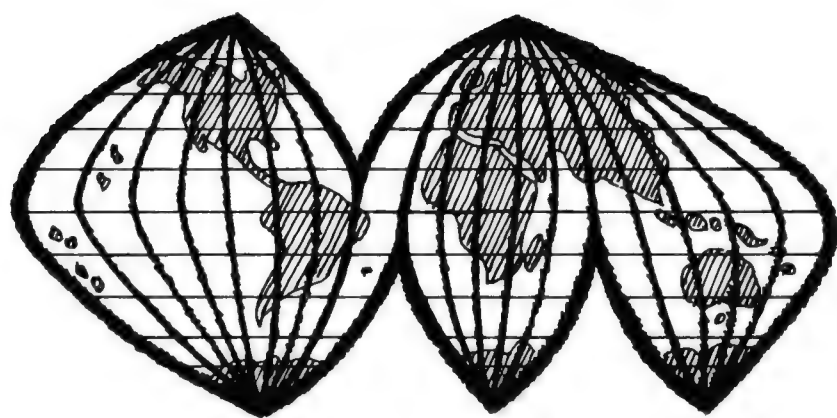
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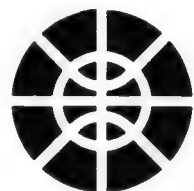
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New Note: the Novel as Sci-Non-Fi

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN
by MICHAEL CRICHTON
(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) \$5.95

Once upon a time when we were all very young, science fiction was thought of as fantasy. See what a long time ago that was? Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon—these were our pulp-paper myths, our nicely fuzzed, cartoon outlines of the future.

How quaint they seem today. For innocent old Fantasy has been sneaked up on by the Facts, wearing space suits themselves and carrying (Zap!) nerve-gas guns.

The science-fiction writer has had to scramble to revise his role, just like everybody else. George Steiner neatly defines our sober new breed: "The science-fiction writer is a journalist in a hurry; he reports on what happened tomorrow." Certainly the job description matches Michael Crichton, who, in *The Andromeda Strain*, might claim to have perfected the science-fiction novel. Crichton bears roughly the same resemblance to Jules Verne that Truman (In *Cold Blood*) Capote bears to Conan Doyle. Short on visions, long on know-how, he has switched the stock-in-trade from four-color dreams to law-of-projections.

Observing that biology is doubling its knowledge every 10 years, Crichton assumes briskly that it will replace nuclear physics as the next provoker of doomsday crisis. Out of this logical guess he has constructed less a novel than a kind of Herman Kahn think-tank scenario, hypothesizing the most likely way experiments in germ warfare might turn against the experimenters.

The Andromeda Strain comes equipped with germ-structure photos, computer punch-outs, and mock bibliography. The authenticating effect is drolly sinister. Science fiction, which once frightened because it seemed so far-out, now frightens because it seems so near.

Crichton confidently supposes an operation called Scoop whose purpose is "to discover new biological weapons of war." Scoop is orbiting capsules into space hoping that one will come back with a deadly interplanetary bacteria attached.

Then the human element fouls up. A capsule returns with a lovely load of germs—but off course. The inhabitants of a tiny Arizona town reach the capsule first and make the fatal mistake of opening it. By the time an-

alysts in their germ-proof suits waddle on the scene, the town is dead except for two puzzling survivors. The riddle the specialists have to answer if they—and maybe the rest of the world—are not to be the next victims: What can a 69-year-old man with ulcers and a crying infant possibly have in common?

Off to the lab—and quick about it. Underground facilities have been set up, complete to a nuclear self-destruct system in case the problem gets out of hand.

Without losing his own white-smock detachment, Crichton manages to make this subterranean center a modernistic hell. Like all the best hells, it exists on several levels. To pass to the lower circles, one has to go through chemical shower after shower, washing away, as it were, the very odor of humanity. At last one is fit for the bottom circle where wait the two survivors and the growing bits of green fungus—the microscopic essence of evil—which line the returned capsule.

Science fiction, among other things, is the art of stage-setting. Crichton's triumph as quasi-novelist is to trap the reader into his sealed-off dehumanized little underworld, caught like his specialists between the killer bacteria and the not always reliable computer which is the team's chief weapon.

A number of reading options remain open. In simplest science fiction terms, *The Andromeda Strain* can be taken as one more variation on man vs. blob. Still, to another kind of reader the horror of science fiction doesn't rest in the hopped-up dangers of the future but in what man must become to survive. If the wind is blowing right, this reader may even think he hears the voice of the Last Humanist, murmuring polite indictments for lost innocence outside the laboratory door ("See what the bargain's come to, Dr. Faustus? . . . I hate to mention this, Dr. Frankenstein, but you're not the person you used to be. . . ." etc.)

The voice is not Crichton's. If the reader chooses this interpretation, he will have to buy it himself. Crichton is too cool, too scientific to play moralist. He has written a cautionary tale, but on his own terms. And on those terms it works. *The Andromeda Strain* is as matter-of-fact as the skull-and-crossbones instructions on a bottle of poison—and just as chillingly effective.

by **Melvin Maddocks**

Chances are it's a Chesterfield.



FRANCE-EXPO'70

by Naohiko Inukai

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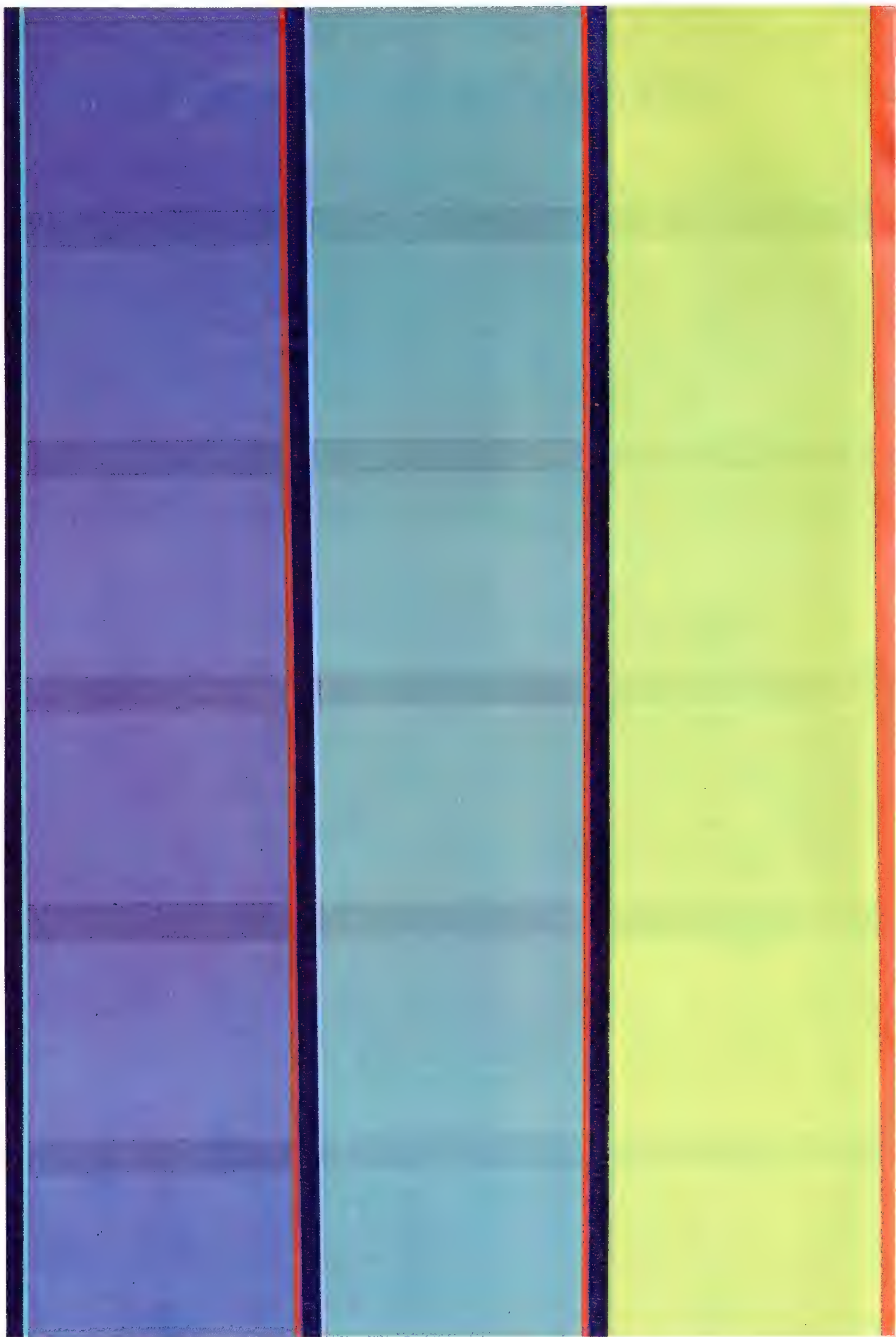
The more bridges in the world, the better.

TIME-LIFE

Naohiko Inukai was born in Okayama, Japan, in 1937. He was graduated from the Cooper Union School of Art in New York City. He has had two one-man shows in that city and has exhibited in many group shows both in the U.S. and Europe.

France. 1968. Oil on canvas, 22¼" x 31½".

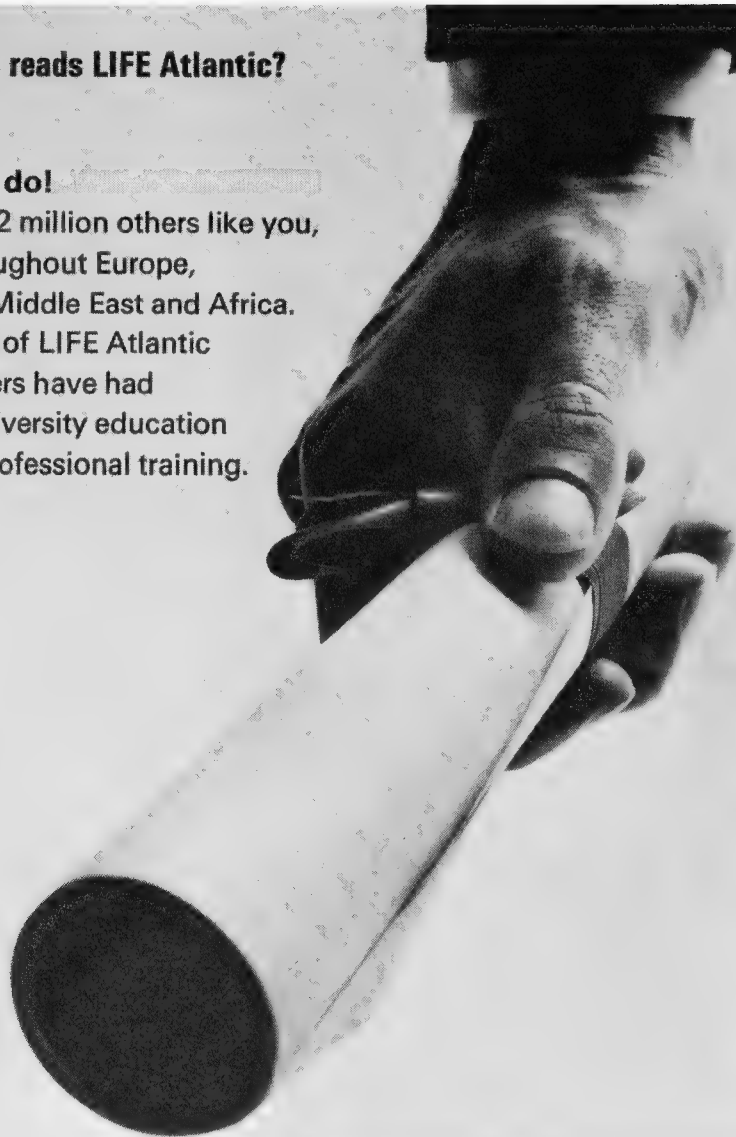
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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

The Loving Unkindness of Too-Tight Families

CHOSEN PEOPLE
by BERNICE RUBENS
(Atheneum) \$5.95

The best Jewish writing is about Jewishness itself, and that is everywhere. Bernice Rubens is English and *Chosen People* is set largely in London, but it could just as well be set in Chicago or the Bronx. It belongs to the familiar genre in which the loving unkindness of Jewish family life is explored with horrified affection. Its theme is peculiarly Jewish: the need for scapegoats and what happens to those "cold and chosen ones" when the burden of other people's suffering becomes unbearable. But the novel goes beyond its particular Jewishness to say something about humanity at large. It is a remarkable achievement, easily the best of Miss Rubens' four novels so far.

At 9, Norman Zweck could speak six languages. In the next three years he learned three more, but remained 9, as his mother thought it sounded better in the papers. Now he is 41, hopelessly addicted to amphetamines, his brilliant career in the law ruined, his bed nightly filled with imaginary silverfish. In the mental hospital he at once makes contact with a pusher-patient who thinks he's the Minister of Health. The case seems hopeless. But why? Miss Rubens quotes a remark of R. D. Laing as her epigraph: "If patients are *disturbed*, their families are often very *disturbing*." The Zweck family is no exception. Rabbi Zweck is a good man, but fatally weak, and his love for his children is the source of their own weaknesses. Daughter Bella, who keeps house and shop for him, is a drudge still wearing childish white socks. Esther has married "out" and can't be spoken to; her marriage is ruined by her longing for parental forgiveness. They are all disturbing because they care so much. Rabbi Zweck dies literally heartbroken by Norman's madness.

All Norman's relationships with other people end in disaster. His brief adolescent incest with Bella traps her for life. Esther's marriage and the suicide of his best friend are both his di-

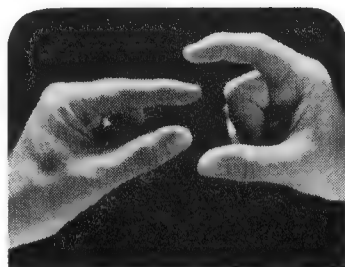
rect responsibility. But they're not, of course, because there is always a reason for such destructiveness in someone, and Norman's is his mother Sarah. Sarah is a classic monster who can't and won't let her son go, and the weakest character in the book. Dead when the novel begins, her all-important absence is not made tangible enough by the glimpses we get of her in the past. She is too much of a type, and not an individual. The rest of the family is so skillfully drawn, and in such depth, that this one failure stands out.

But there can be few other complaints about *Chosen People*. Miss Rubens is a little clumsy about managing her flashbacks, and she sometimes loses conviction outside the home and the hospital, but for the most part she writes extremely well, with sudden wincing observations which stop the reader cold: "Even for those who dealt professionally with the mad, madmen had sinned and were to be punished." She is particularly impressive when she describes Norman's madness, a mixture of smooth logic and screaming panic. Her hospital is completely real, sad and dreary, its patients trailing about in pajamas and dressing gowns, desperately vulnerable. But the book is not all grimness and disaster: the account of Norman's last case is funny as well as sad—that's the Jewish novel, all right—and Aunt Sadie is a splendid comic creation, a nurse whose ambiguous services to the dying have been generously remembered in many wills.

What most distinguishes this novel is Miss Rubens' touching respect for human weakness. Bella allows Norman to steal from her handbag, knowing (without admitting it to herself) that he will buy pills with the money. Esther, reconciled to her father at last, still can't say the *Shema* with him as he's dying. Above all, it is Miss Rubens' tenderness for the mad and broken which makes her book a grave pleasure to read. We all need scapegoats, she is saying, and we put them in what we genteelly call mental homes and asylums. But no hospital is ever a home and there is no asylum for such people except the imitation death of prolonged, drugged sleep. Everything is not better in the morning, Norman knows. Why should people have to suffer so, Rabbi Zweck wants to know. Miss Rubens wants to know too. Jews have the right to ask the question with particular vehemence; but in a book like this they are asking for us all.

Mr. Mitchell is an English novelist and book critic for the New Statesman.

by Julian Mitchell



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Last Act in a 100-Year Tragedy

TO LOSE A BATTLE: FRANCE 1940
by ALISTAIR HORNE
(Little, Brown & Co.) \$12.50

No history of the fall of France should confine itself to the battles of 1940, and Mr. Horne's vivid narrative of the panzer sweep through Belgium is rightly framed by his analysis of France's psychological and political decline between the wars. *To Lose a Battle: France 1940* describes the last drama in the trilogy which Mr. Horne began with *The Fall of Paris: The Siege and the Commune 1870-1871*, and continued with *The Price of Glory: Verdun 1916*. If I say that this third book is worthy of its predecessors, it is to pay Mr. Horne a high compliment, since in each he has combined a historian's scholarship with the insight and color of an imaginative writer. Above all, the three books have a theme—that the fall of France was caused by an inner despair arising from the wounds of its civil war as much as from its German wars.

There was, as Mr. Horne emphasizes, little stomach in France in 1939 for a war to which it had been reluctantly committed by treaty. Verdun, where 400,000 Frenchmen died in 10 months, was a trauma that persisted long beyond the First World War. The Stavisky scandal, implicating leading politicians of the Third Republic, had sharpened the historic struggle between the bourgeoisie and the working class—a struggle which in 1939 made a revival of the *Union Sacrée* of 1914 impossible. Mr. Horne recalls a memoir of a luncheon party under the Third Republic where Georges Bonnet and Camille Chautemps "vied with one another to succeed a premier whose ministry had just fallen. 'It's my turn!' 'No, Georges, it's mine.' " In such a system, even those who could overcome the lingering psychological shock of the Verdun bloodbath had difficulty in finding a focus for their patriotism.

That was the crumbling state of France over which the single-minded, fanatical Nazis gloated when war broke out. No one knew better than Hitler and Goebbels that the walls of Paris would fall to the sound of trumpets—the savage *Rundfunk* bellowing threats, the Stukas with their siren scream and the crunch of armor. Mr. Horne, citing German as well as French documents, makes the impor-

tant point that the French, ill-equipped though they were for war, were nonetheless terrorized by Hitler's psychological warfare to a degree which his physical force at the beginning didn't justify.

Guderian's use of armor was, of course, novel; his *Sichelschnitt* into the pit of the French stomach through the unfortified Belgian plains was a blow which the Allied Command, curiously enough, hadn't bargained for; and the élan of the *Reichswehr* seemed an anachronism to many Frenchmen who had lost their own taste for military glory. Nietzsche once said of the Germans, "Intoxication means more to them than food." And the expanding torrent of Nazi enthusiasm that spread over France after the breakthrough was a terrifying phenomenon to those Frenchmen who were still poring over their menu when the panzers were running wild. It explains why, although a simple calculation of *matériel* suggests that France should have held out longer against an enemy not much superior in resources, French morale cracked like a breached dike.

While giving a proper due to De Gaulle as a theorist of armored warfare, Mr. Horne makes short shrift of the legend that he was a towering figure in the field. He records that De Gaulle engaged in a courageous but small operation at Montcornet, which Gaullist mythomane have inflated into an almost decisive battle of the war. Alas for France, the attack was an ephemeral sting that went almost unnoticed at Rundstedt's HQ, where the chief preoccupation was how to move from military victory to political capitulation.

De Gaulle was a brave French soldier among other brave soldiers, and politicians like Reynaud who, Mickey Mouse though he was in the face of his tiresome mistress, Mme. de Portes, was a lion in the face of the enemy. He was incapable of being paralyzed by Hitler's abuse, or even intimidated by Churchill's genius. As a Frenchman, Reynaud protested violently when Churchill refused him the planes needed for the Battle of Britain. But as an ally against the Nazis, he acquiesced for the sake of a victory yet to come.

Mr. Horne has written a gusty and scholarly book in which the lay reader and the military specialist alike can relive a climactic episode in history. We can all say a *Te Deum* that his title, *To Lose a Battle*, refers to the first battle and not the last.

Mr. Edelman is a Member of Parliament and a Francophile. His most recent novel is *Shark Island*.

by Maurice Edelman

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At the heart of the land ocean

Presidents, no matter what their names, seek succor in the rural Midwest these years. People out there are still true believers. Maybe not in the person of the President, at least at first, but in the office of the Presidency and in the flag and the nation and in what their government says.

Perhaps they are that way in part because they can see the weather form on the far rim and they still are at its mercy. They have limited understanding of the vast urban complexes, but fear the violence and passion those unfamiliar places seem to hold. Always they cling to the known and comforting, maybe half an emotional century behind the times, but always believing or at least wanting to believe.

Presidents who face the great natural tides of human events find that they turn with renewed fervor to these fundamentals and they seek out the places where they can talk about them. Last week Richard Nixon came to General Beadle State College in Madison, S. Dak. (pop. 5,420) to deliver a speech on freedom and liberty and campus disorder that he would not have thought to deliver on the campus of the City College of New York or Berkeley. Under "the bright blue canopy of the sky," as Preacher L. A. Kruckenberg called it, surrounded by the awesome distances of the prairies, he was saying, "At first glance, there is something homely and unexciting about basic values we have long believed in. . . . Even the profoundest truths become clichés with repetition. But they can be like sleeping giants: slow to rouse, but magnificent in their strength."

Nixon was on his way to Midway Island to meet with South Vietnam's Pres-

ident Thieu, who had clouded the bright horizon of peace hopes, a part of the human elements which sweep in like the weather on the President. He stood there on the campus and talked about those large verities which he, like the people who listened to him, believe to be under desperate challenge. Such fears had formed the politics of Karl Mundt, whose birthday (69) and library Nixon was commemorating in the old midsection of this country, the land ocean. Despite all the chemical fertilizers and marvelous machines this land is still much like it was a century or two or three ago, reluctant and unwilling to yield rapidly to change.

The prelude to the Midwest is always the flight there and the wonder at our national madness at crowding the edges of the nation and leaving so much forest and pasture unsettled, hundreds and hundreds of magnificent miles without cities or villages or pollution or parking problems. The first emotion is a kind of gratitude and envy for those who have refused to desert their heritage and then an inner salute to their wisdom.

The President grinned from his helicopter at the huge "Hi Nixon" which farmer Ival Myers had disced out in his green field before supper the night before, because he liked him and "it didn't cost me anything but a little bit of time." Lewis Wolting, 15, with an open, trusting and sunburned face, came 40 miles from Volga, S. Dak. (population 780) to give the Pledge of Allegiance. His Eagle Scout insignia hung on his fresh uniform. He ran his fingers over the 21 merit badge patches so proudly displayed on his sash and confessed it had been a lot of work, but "fun too." Then with awe he said, "And now I get this great honor." The college band tuned up with the *Colonel Bogey March* and the Kiwanis chorus sang *Born Free*.

The V. F. W. presented a flag for the new library, explaining that it had flown over the Capitol of the United States and was

so certified by the Capitol's architect. Quiet people stood and sat waiting for Nixon, surveying one of the major tragedies of their time—the dying elm trees along the streets and on the campus, victims of Dutch elm disease, but something accepted as nature's right. New trees were already set out. The watchers froze, mouths closed, even the children, for the National Anthem. They waved small flags and cheered, not ecstatically, but kind of respectfully when the President and Mrs. Nixon appeared, even the children from Fort Pierre Indian School—Crow, Sioux, Blackfeet, Flathead, Chippewa.

On the fringe three boys held a massive banner, "USD for the USA." It was, explained Bruce Nolop, 18, the homecoming slogan of the University of South Dakota. "We've got kind of a bad name," he explained on behalf of his fellow youths. "Normally this might say, 'Hell no, we won't go.' We just wanted to show there are people who care for the United States." When one of the two hippies among the 5,000 spectators shouted his obscenity at Nixon, even that seemed muffled by the land and the people. The word was not new in Madison. "You creep, you," said one young man who wanted for a few seconds to punch the offender. Then he went on, "How dare you say that here—in front of my parents." A state trooper asked the hippies to leave. They left. Most of the audience hadn't even shifted their feet.

The afternoon had the essence of a revival meeting. The event was more important than the message which was meant not for General Beadle State College but for places east and west and north. A number of people, having seen the President and his wife, caught a quick glimpse of Julie and David, gripped their kids' hands and went back home. A sizable contingent clustered around the presidential bubble-top wondering, "Is it bulletproof? . . . Where do they keep the guns?" A table crowded with gawking youngsters collapsed amid great snickering which gave way to frightened looks for fear of parental displeasure. Two young men, having heard their fill, wandered off and ran into each other and warmly shook hands. "Hi Jim," said one. "What are you doing?" The other grinned, "Going into the service." The first spoke again. "You and . . ." he named half a dozen of their friends. It seemed as natural an event as the coming of the seasons.



En route to General Beadle State College in Madison, S. Dak., President Nixon arrives at Sioux Falls and says hello to a friendly crowd of South Dakotans awaiting him at the airport.



'a chuckhole right

LIFE

Vol. 46, No. 12 June 23, 1969

From the landing site Snoopy sends the word



Stafford and Cernan were so temptingly close they felt they could reach out and touch every boulder. They saw—and the Apollo 10 command module orbiting overhead photographed—the moon as man had never seen it. These two photographs show landmarks that will guide crewmen of Apollo 11 in their attempt to land on the moon this summer: above, the deep rille called “diamondback,” at left, the prime landing site (upper right quadrant) and the vertical rille known as “U.S. 1” —punctuated by that “chuckhole” Snoopy reported from only 9 miles up.

in the middle of U.S. 1'



'This moon of ours had a rough beginning somewhere back there'

In lunar orbit, Snoopy (left) separated from the command module and set off to scout the jagged surface of the moon



**'We is
down among them,
Charlie'**





On the left side of the moon, Apollo
11 photograph, this shows the
bright, white crater rim of the
Lunar Crater.



'Hey, I tell you we are low. We are close, Babe'



In the lunar highlands, near the proposed landing site, Apollo 10 saw the awesome bite of two craters; Schmidt (left) and the sunlit edge of Godin (above).





Between moon and earth, the astronauts had this view of the planet that is their home. The west coast of North America shows clearly through the cloud patterns.

**'Charlie, we just saw an earthrise
and it's just got to be magnificent!'**

In Paris a successful link-up of spacemen—fueled by vodka



PARIS

Three U.S. astronauts had a rendezvous with two Russian cosmonauts at the Paris Air Show last week. First, the Americans—James McDivitt, David Scott and Russell Schweickart—showed Vladimir Shatalov and Aleksei Yeliseyev around their Apollo 8 spacecraft. Then, accompanied by interpreters and the wives of the U.S. astronauts, they adjourned to a hospitality room adjoining the American exhibit.

"What will you have?" asked one of the hosts.

"I don't know," replied a cosmonaut with Russian shrewdness. "What do American spacemen drink?"

"Just about anything," was the rejoinder.

"I'll have the same," said the cosmonaut, "and make it a large one."

Mrs. McDivitt got the ball moving by asking the Russians whether they had difficulty protecting their private lives: were they, like her husband, mobbed wherever they went? The Soviets allowed as how it was the same for them, which was why their government moved them into a special space colony.

After another round the Soviets invited the astronauts and their wives to the nearby Russian pavilion, where they were mobbed by the crowd. The cosmonauts apologized for not having a VIP lounge but, with the happy smile that comes over Slavic faces at the thought of vodka, they said the problem could be easily solved: *slédvite za nami* [follow us].

They leaped on handy three-wheeled go-carts and zipped out to a tri-jet YAK-40 conveniently parked nearby. When the party was aboard, they pulled up the ladder so no one could follow and produced a half-dozen icy bottles of vodka accompanied by hunks of fresh bread spread thickly with caviar.

One of the Americans, gesturing to his glass which somehow filled up every time he emptied it, asked, "Is it true that Soviet rockets are fueled with this stuff?"

"No," crowed a Russian, whooping with laughter, "we've got something even more powerful to propel our ships. By the way," he added, "it's the Russian custom to swallow it all at one gulp."

"I'm willing to experiment," volunteered an astronaut. "Anything in the interest of pure science."

"I'll wager it's the first time since you joined the program that you made an experiment without a bunch of doctors breathing down your neck," said the cosmonaut.

By this time Cosmonaut Shatalov was toasting the health of the American "cosmonauts." McDivitt responded by inviting the Russians to a launch at Cape Kennedy. His hosts said they'd love to come, but explained they were on a fairly tight schedule. The Americans nodded understandingly. Then Shatalov said they should drink to brotherhood itself and Schweickart was on his feet:

"To the spirit of man," he offered a toast, "unquenchable in space, as it is on earth!"

Russian cosmonauts and U.S. astronauts join hands in front of the Apollo 8 display at the Paris Air Show: (from left) Shatalov, McDivitt, Scott, Schweickart and Yeliseyev. Later, with an interpreter in tow, they went aboard a Soviet jet where Yeliseyev proudly served the first of many bottles of vodka (above right) and everyone started to loosen up (below right).

His toast moved the Russians to whip out snapshots and there was an exchange of photos and autographs. But a kind of pleasant melancholy had set in which no amount of vodka and caviar could cure. It was as if they had become dear friends, yet sensed they might never meet again. Aides reminded the Americans that they were two hours behind schedule and the interpreter explained that the Russians had missed their plane out of the country.

Yeliseyev filled up the glasses once more and said, "I want to wish our best to your wives and your children." He elbowed Schweickart in the ribs—"and I hope your family will continue to multiply." Schweickart, who already has five children, almost choked on his vodka.

Finally they left. Outside the plane at the foot of the ladder, Shatalov grabbed McDivitt by the arm and wished him farewell. "I can't understand a word you're saying," said the American, "but I know just what you mean."

MICHAEL MOK





Kon-Tiki's famous skipper goes to sea in a ship of reeds,

Ra



Before departure, Heyerdahl relaxed on "Ra" with his wife Yvonne

For Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian scientist-adventurer who 22 years ago drifted to fame by crossing the Pacific in the balsa raft *Kon-Tiki*, the proposition was irresistible. Could sailors of ancient Egypt have crossed the Atlantic—probably by accident—25 centuries before Columbus? Historians noted unexplained similarities between the civilization of the Pharaohs and those of the pre-Columbian Mayas and Incas: pyramids, techniques of mummification, social institutions such as the marriage of royal siblings, and boats made of reeds.

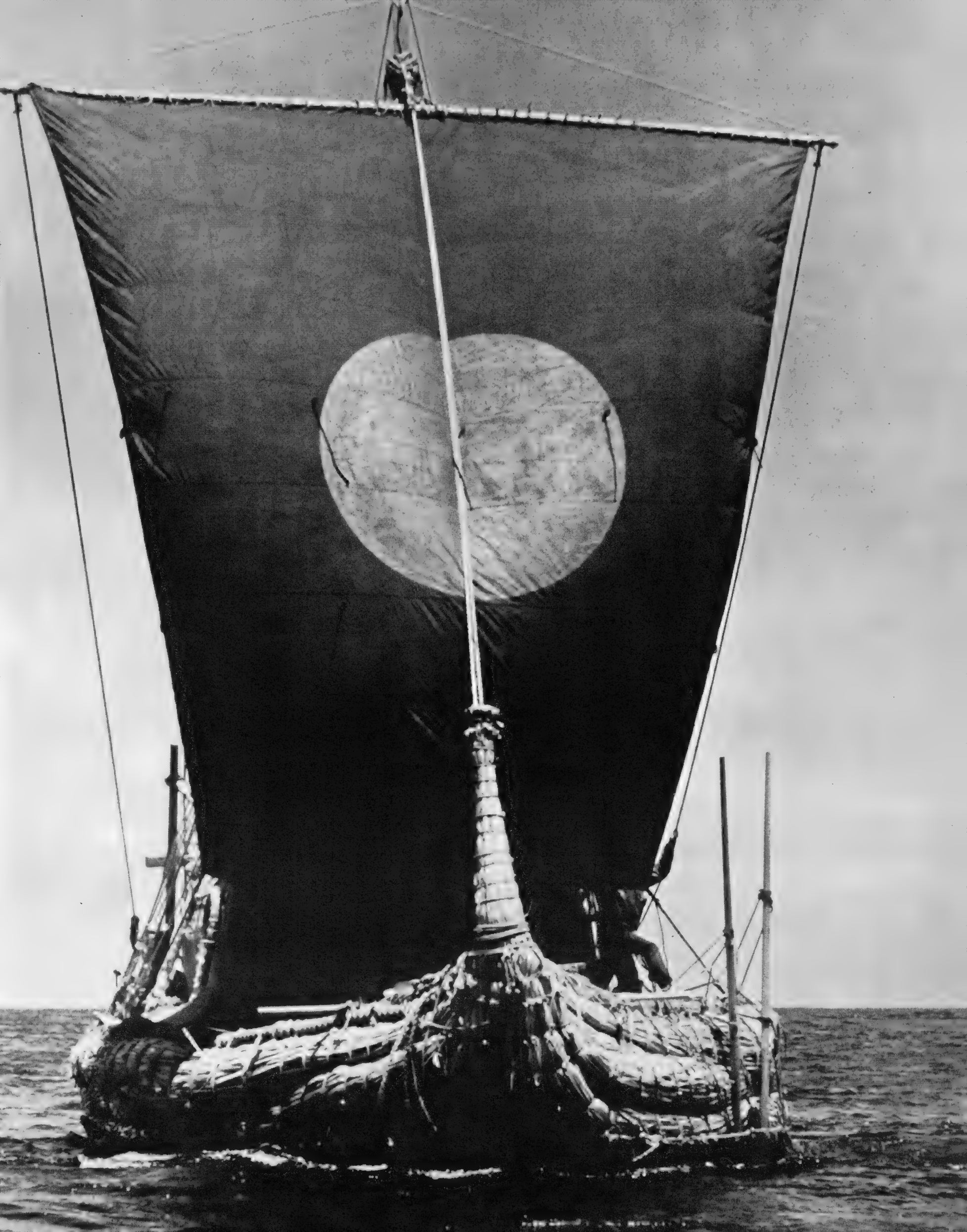
The Egyptians had wooden vessels, too, but Heyerdahl chose to simulate the early crossing in a fragile papyrus basket boat. Guided by drawings of boats on tomb walls, he built a 50-foot, 12-ton replica out of 200,000 papyrus reeds bound into bundles and lashed together to form an easy-riding, broad-bottomed hull. He christened his ship *Ra* for the sun god of old Egypt and put aboard provisions for three months—honey, dates, olives, nuts, Egyptian bread, two dozen live hens and ducks and a ton of water in earthen jars. In case *Ra* becomes waterlogged, as some experts predict (and as others predicted *Kon-Tiki* would), there is a life raft. "I don't expect to have to use it," says Heyerdahl.



Crewman Santiago Genoves (above) plays with ship's mascot, presented to crew just before de-

parture by the wife of the Pasha of Safi. At right, "Ra" rides easily under 420 square feet of trape-

zoidal brown cotton mainsail sporting an orange sun disc. "Ra" also mounts a small staysail.





Egyptian Georges Sourial, a chemical engineer, is the underwater photographer.



Abdoulay Djibrime of Chad helped build "Ra." He had never seen the sea.



Russian Yuri Senkevitch, ship's doctor, is veteran of Antarctic exploration.

A crew from six nations has a diversity of skills



Heyerdahl's grin reflects confidence

Late in May *Ra* left Safi, on the western coast of Morocco, with a crew of six from as many nations, picked by Heyerdahl for their skills and amiability and to show that people of varied races, religions and attitudes can work together for a common interest. Ocean swells soon shattered the boat's steering apparatus, a generator failed, an aerial broke and the navigator developed flu. But the crew overcame these mishaps and *Ra* ploughed steadily on its 4,000-mile way—good news for the publishers whose advances financed the expedition. Under sail and by drifting westward with the equatorial current, Heyerdahl hopes to raise the Caribbean islands by late summer and—barring a hurricane—eventually reach Yucatan, Mexico.



Mexican anthropologist Santiago Genoves will study behavior of crew.



Navigator Norman Baker of U.S. is most experienced hand at sailing.



Italian Carlo Mauri is expedition's photographer and a noted alpinist.



Baker makes an adjustment at the top of "Ra's" 30-foot wishbone mast



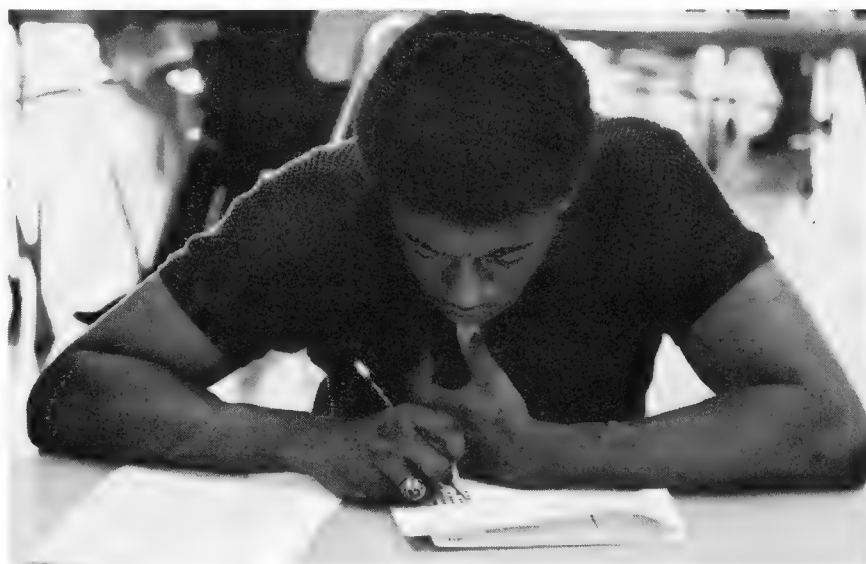
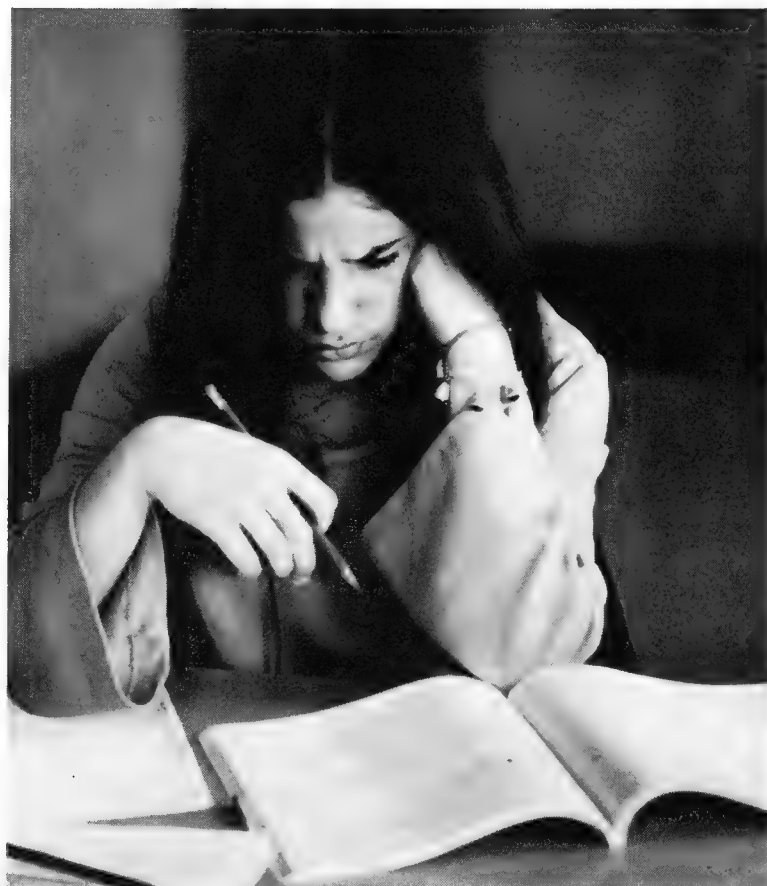
Before departure, Sourial, underwater expert and all-round athlete, leaps overboard to thread through bundles of reeds that form "Ra's" bottom the line that will help to keep the mast upright on voyage.

"Ra" heads for the open sea. Heyerdahl doubted that the two-oar steering arrangement he copied from ancient drawings could withstand ocean sailing but wanted to test it. It quickly collapsed.



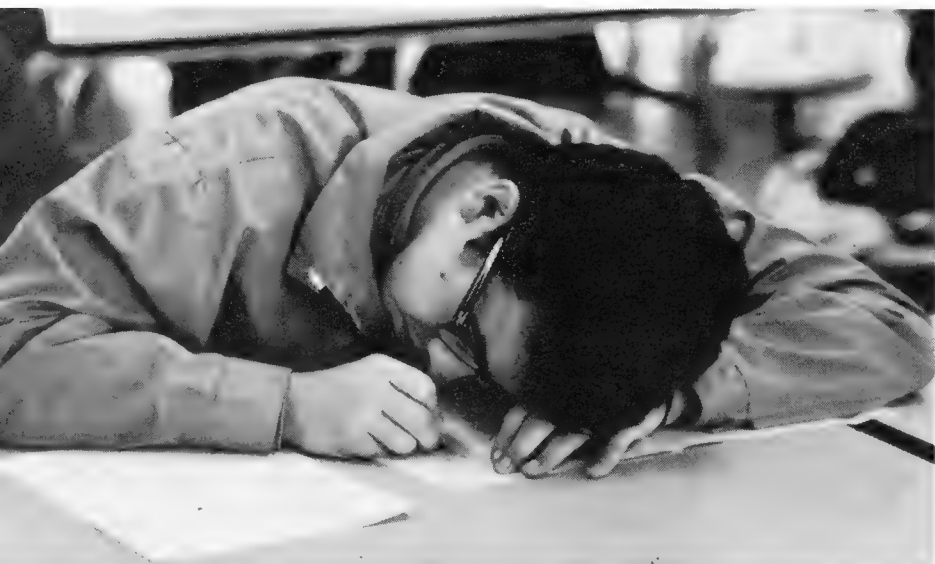
U.S. Students Tackle the SAT, a Step toward College

Not All the Kids Are Rioting



Most U.S. high school students, while seething with desire for more control over their education (LIFE, May 26), are deeply concerned about getting into colleges or universities. A few students protest riotously; many more, including some protesters, struggle to exhaustion over the annual Scholastic Aptitude Tests. More than 1.5 million students this year will spend three carefully monitored hours an-

swering questions which probe their skills in reasoning and calculating. Like the youngsters on these pages, photographed at White Plains High School, New York, by Richard Frank, the students ponder, agonize and grow weary seeking the high scores which will help them to enter desirable colleges. Between them and their goals lie questions like these: (A) What is the average of the



Laura Izzo (top picture) frowns over a problem near the test's midpoint. Two other students unwittingly evade identification, one (above) by digging into his work,

the other (right), by taking a secluded breather beneath his jacket. Photographer Frank remembered taking his SATs in 1952 and empathized fully with his subjects.





Eric Harris (far left) concentrates deeply. Kathy Krager (left) gapes in dismay at questions still to come. Paul Roland (above) buries his face in his hands while Chris Sut-

ton (below) wriggles and yawns through long hours on a hard chair. Test results will go to each student's guidance counselor and to the college he hopes to enter.

first 25 positive whole numbers?
 (B) The town of Canton is west of Mason. Sinclair is east of Canton but west of Mason. Dexter is east of Richmond but west of Sinclair and Canton. Which town is farthest west? (C) Which of the following word-pairs best expresses a relationship similar to the relation of wander to trespass—eat: gorge, recline:sprawl, mar:destroy, narrate:perjure or glance:examine?





Europeans, do not make fun of American food.

Much of it is your own.

In America we eat roast leg of lamb. In France it is called gigot d'agneau.

In America we eat spaghetti, lasagna and ravioli.

In Italy it is called spaghetti, lasagna and ravioli.

We eat sausages and sauerkraut, blinis and caviar, beef and kidney pies.

The truth is, most of the food you will find in America is food that is eaten all over the world.

We do have our own cuisine, even though much of it is unsophisticated by European standards.

There are broiled Maine lobsters, Southern fried chicken, T-bone steaks and fresh corn on the cob dripping with

melted butter, huge green salads, hot apple pie, and vanilla milkshakes so thick you have to drink them with a spoon.

And the healthy American breakfasts: bacon and eggs, cereals of every description with fresh cold milk, and pancakes with maple syrup and sausages.

TWA is an American airline and on TWA flights you will find both kinds of American food.

You will find Lobster Bisque and sirloin steaks, Coq au Vin and hamburgers.

You will even find frogs legs Provençale.

But the main point is this: whatever you find, you will find it delicious.



This is America: this is TWA.

To reserve your table to America, call your Travel Agent or TWA.



His face is reposeful. His head, he says, is simply a primitive logic machine. Leeam Lowin is 23 and worth millions—maybe \$50 million—because he understands what moves in the stock market



by **STEPHEN MAHONEY**

Leeam Lowin, who, at 23, is a Wall Street legend, like Morgan, and the stuff from which romances are made—and folksongs, too, strangely—is leaning against the pinball machine in his office, 16 stories up over midtown Manhattan, and awkwardly tying a yellow sleeve around a cat's middle, creating a cummerbund. The cat is struggling, but Leeam struggles back and finishes the job with a great, flopping bow, which immediately comes untied. Leeam's face is an innocent face, sweet, just a trace of baby fat in the cheeks. And the glow. He has, someone has said, a light bulb buried behind his forehead. But he is beardless now, which is odd.

"No," he says emphatically. "People say Leeam is growing up. Not so. Just once in a while I do shave—I happen to—and then I have an inertial tendency to go on shaving. One day I don't shave. . . ." He is, he says, getting out of the market, and that is a lot odder, like the cat. He has, he says, other things on his mind. "I'm founding six corporations. Oh, I don't know, say in five years I'll be worth \$200 million. A Pepsi?"

He is preposterous. His hair was last cut five months ago. He is wearing corduroys, his famous jeans having disintegrated one day, collapsed into shreds. He is wearing boots, his sneakers having disappeared mysteriously. He has no tie on, though he has a tie somewhere, he's sure of that. In two years, working mostly out of this

CONTINUED

New Kid on the Street

office, which is one room of the four-room apartment he occupies with his wife Jane and the cat, he ran \$800 up to \$1 million, and half a year later now could be said to be worth \$5 million or more, depending on how the market will choose to value the companies he's already half set up. Maybe \$50 million. Some of the early money came from counseling fees. He has made uncles and aunts and friends of uncles and aunts, people who took him on as investment counsel—letting him handle \$5,000 or \$10,000—into quarter-millionaires, and did it despite detesting many of them, too, for being bourgeois. Some have bought chrome automobiles, which appalls him.

In the kitchen, where we split a Pepsi, he tells how he did it. He bought into little high-technology outfits pregnant with computer-mysteries. "Farrington. Bought around 8. Sold two months later around 20. Recognition Equipment. Bought warrants around 74. Sold most of them around 150 three months later. Levin-Townsend Computer. Bought at 9. Sold most of it around 20 six weeks later. Randolph Computer. Bought at 10. Sold six weeks later at 20. Continental Connector. Held it for only ten days. Bought at 9. Sold at 15. Inflight, held for two or three days. Bought around 10. Sold at 13. Miniature Precision Bearings. . . ."

Leeam, who is a college dropout, whose father was a carpenter and his mother a piecemaker in New York's garment district, came to finance when the world and Wall Street were changing. He was able to cope with change when the Old Guard couldn't.

He is not a 1945 person. They are 1945 persons. So he says. That, really, is all there is to it.

The still accelerating change in the world has to do with technology, with high-speed computers, miniaturization of electronic componentry, water-desalinization, lasers. . . . The change in Wall Street is the accelerating awareness of the money to be made there. Success with IBM prepares Wall Street to expect big things of a Scientific Data, and a Scientific Data makes possible the acceptance of a Teledyne, a Mohawk Data Sciences, a Recognition Equipment, a Scan-Data. The Old Guard isn't always up to it.

Some things don't change. Wall Street places its bets on assets. Assets used to be easy—plant, equipment, real estate. Then sales and earnings came to be regarded as as-

sets, and projected sales and earnings. But if sales and earnings happen to be in buggy whips, the assets can disappear overnight. That's unless the concept is right, unless the talent is right.

Concepts and talent. These are the assets the new Wall Street crowd looks to. A concept is a development which locks a company firmly into an industry that is headed up. It may be a patent on an optical scanner, or a design for a scrubber to clean polluted air. Talent is—talent. A man who has done well at IBM leaves and founds a company designing computer programs. The new Wall Street buys it—never mind the earnings. A man from Litton runs off to build a company that will make nuclear balloons. The new Wall Street buys it—no question.

Most of these companies will perish, alas. Something was wrong with the concept. Or the talent was somehow flawed. So how to evaluate concepts early? How to evaluate talent early? We're getting to the nitty-gritty. Make your fortune.

His 'primitive logic system' is his head

"The central discipline," Leeam says in the kitchen, "is thinking in terms of systems, the efficient connection of different parts—which aren't parts, but aspects—with everything adjusted for everything else. What goes into a system? What affects what? Equilibrium. . . ." He is eager to have this understood. It is his approach to the market, to everything—to life. The face glows like a naked bulb. "Resource allocation . . .," he says. "Value theory. . . . At this point we are starting to talk probability. . . . There is this primitive logic system—a head. I input data. My head processes it. . . . Bits of data interact. I read technical magazines. I read this and that. I read the employment ads." The cat has followed us into the kitchen, cummerbund trailing, and Leeam picks it up and clumsily reties the bow. "I saw what key punchers were paid, and so I got interested in optical scanning, which will replace them. That led me to Farrington, which the market thought was doing the big things in scanning, and then to Recognition, which was losing money, and which the market didn't like, but which I compared with Farrington and saw that it had a better concept, Recognition did, and the right talent. So I went into Farrington.

"No, Farrington—because the market favored it. Later there began to be rumblings about Recognition and I realized that Wall Street could learn, and so I shifted money to Recognition. I promised Jane I would put the dishes in the washer."

The kitchen window stares directly into the little bedrooms of one of New York's new Miami-modern hotels. A maid is making a bed. Stacking the dishwasher, Leeam looks out the window without pleasure. He intends sometime to create cities of an architecture that will make people happy.

"I like to think I am conceptual," Leeam whispers from the pinball machine. We have eluded the cat by tiptoeing back to the office and are whispering. "Not committed to theories or stocks or industries. Able to apply concepts from field to field."

He is, in fact, no engineer and no scientist. He is able, nonetheless, to take in what a biochemist is reported doing in a lab at the University of Wisconsin—and has been there to see him, beard, hair, jeans, sneakers and all—as well as what *really* is behind what the speaker at a conference on microcircuitry in Houston is mumbling about.

"Most Wall Street people can't budge from one place. I said I read technical magazines, and you were thinking, 'But other people read the magazines he reads.' That's not right. You'll pardon me? Instead I read the magazines *they* read." The cat reappears, cummerbund askew. Leeam reties it on the pinball machine. "If the system analyst read the magazines I read he would read the meat-packing magazines as well as the computer magazines. He doesn't. He knows developments pertaining to computers as well as I do, may even know them better. But he does not know their applications to meat-packing, and which meat company can develop a concept to exploit them. The construction industry. Medieval. It handles concrete and steel as though it were still laying wooden beams. The aerospace industry, which understands materials technology—what could it teach. . . ." He is struggling madly with the cat. "I gather subsets of data from what the 1945 people think of as different

fields, which are not different fields but only one system, and. . . . This is a bandage. The veterinarian. . . . The cat has just been spayed."

One morning shortly after this instructive talk, Leeam Lowin's phone rang at 8:30, which is an hour or two before his normal hour for rising. Unhappy already, he quickly became more so. The day, he learned, was to be an ordeal. He had to go to Wall Street.

Leeam has very little affection for Wall Street, and could be regarded as an ingrate. "So many people on the Street are empty," he said later that day. "Shallow. Vulgar. Greedy. They'll do anything for a \$7 commission. Like people think brokers know something. Most brokers are salesmen who failed at selling vacuum cleaners and so they've lowered their ambitions—no, *lowered!*"

The telephone call told him a most critical deal was canceled. Unless he did some hustling, the first of the companies he was forming could be in trouble. That noon he had expected to sell to an investor, at a price the investor had found attractive, 12,000 shares of



When Leeam and Jane were married, her father had doubts that Leeam, who then had no steady job, would be able to support her properly.

Milgo Electronics. The Milgo belonged to Leeam's new company, Applied Digital Data Systems. Leeam had put it into ADDS in exchange for 75% of ADDS's own stock, the rest of which had gone to management he had hired. The deal, it had been agreed, was to come off around 29½, five-eighths of a point under the previous close. The transaction would fill ADDS's cashbox with some \$349,500, which probably it was going to need.

But now the whole thing was off, and the reason was that the would-be purchaser's back was aching.

Or so the voice had maintained on the phone. "I listen to my back," it said. "When it hurts it is telling me, 'Watch out! Be careful! You're an idiot!'"

"So I said, 'But blah, blah, blah,'" Leeam, who sometimes speaks in shorthand, recalled later. "And he said, 'But blah, blah, blah—you're screwed!'"

Snarling, Leeam had called his broker, Harold Safren, and Barry Rubenstein, the presiding genius of ADDS, and got into corduroys,

shirt and boots, and before 10, when the market was to open, he and Safren and Rubenstein were huddling by Safren's desk in a brokerage office off Wall Street. They were going to try to peddle, in small lots, 12,000 shares of Milgo, whose average daily trading volume, at this time, is no more than 5-10,000 shares, without driving the price down until the final sales cheated ADDS of cash. It was impossible. Everyone knew it was impossible.

The room, called a boardroom, is the size of a basketball court, with rows of gray desks and a broker behind each. There is one telephone and one red rose on each desk. Leeam fingers one of the flowers nervously. "Plastic," he mutters. Rubenstein is 26, quiet, yellow-haired. He is dressed in clothes marvelously identical to Leeam's: no jacket, blue shirt open at the collar, corduroys. Safren, who is a short, dark, bouncy man of 27 with a rasping voice, has customers other than Leeam, and is dressed in somber Wall Street gray and red tie. He phones his floor man an initial sell order of 6,000 shares.

"Ooof," the floor man says. Because of the size of the order he will have to scurry around the Exchange floor attempting to attract some nibbles.

Leeam is the center of all attention in the room. Everybody is aware that he has made Safren \$250,000—Safren simply buying what Leeam was buying, selling what Leeam was selling—and not a broker present but knows he has more right to wealth than Harold. A man in his 50s with a sad, uncertain face approaches Leeam diffidently and whispers something to him. "Swear to God," he says. "I know it from the man who makes the market." "Thank you," Leeam says. "I am not interested." The man lingers, but Leeam offers him no information in return, and reluctantly he leaves.

"What good is money, Barry?" Safren asks angrily, observing Leeam watch the retreating suppliant. "Why do you do this to Leeam?" Leeam is looking confused and irritated.

"Gotta buy oscilloscopes," Rubenstein says happily. Rubenstein is an electronics whiz, a specialist

in solid state technology. He says that ADDS needs the scopes to get busy making terminals. The terminals Rubenstein is talking about will eventually allow a householder to plug into a distant computer, ask it a question, and get an answer back on a TV screen. By 1975, Leeam murmurs now, no home will be without one.

Figures begin to drift across the yellow, glaring tape magnified across the front of the room, and the market is open. Except for Milgo, because of the size of the order. "It'll open at 29½," Leeam says. "It'll open at zilch," Safren says moodily. He is worrying about the reaction of shareowners once word is out that Leeam is selling.

The order goes out to sell. 'Ooof!' says the floor man

And it will get out. "No more talking," Leeam says with force. A broker in pinstripes and a flowered silk handkerchief which overflows his breast pocket approaches the group from the rear, and stands behind Leeam's chair. Just stands there. There is no conversation. No one looks at him. Minutes pass. Gazing directly at the tape, Leeam begins an odd soliloquy on a theme he had developed earlier in conversation with Rubenstein: "Could liquidate and go into silver futures. A good buy position on its own? Oh, yes. A hedge against a down market? Yes. All the textbooks say. And the low probability but high impact situation a new money crisis in France will be. Multiply probability by impact. Probability slight, impact high. Independent variables . . . Not independent variables . . . Harold?"

The interloper leans forward. He is planning the wing he will add to his house in Bronxville.

"Silver?" Safren says, reaching for his telephone.

"Dummy! Honduras banana bonds!"

There is more of this, and the man pads away.

"He'll be back," Leeam says with real anger. "He's a leech."

Moments later, on schedule, the leech is back, this time carrying a chair. He positions himself behind Leeam. He has decided to make an offering. "Leasco is going up three points today," he murmurs now, confidentially, to Leeam's back. "I have it from . . ." He says whom he has it from. No one looks at him. The phone rings, and Safren learns from the floor man that he has got off 2,200 shares at 29½, and at this moment

CONTINUED



the news of the sale crosses the tape.

There is no expression of interest. Not a word. "That was my mother," Safren tells Leeam. Leeam smiles thinly at the private joke. Safren's mother, for whom Safren has done very nicely—making a very tidy bundle by buying for her, too, what Leeam was buying—worries about her son's association with an unshorn kid who has no job. She is quite certain that it can not be Leeam Lowin who picks the wonderful stocks her son puts her into. The leech gets up, stretches, and wanders up the aisle to his own desk, pausing for a word with another broker, during which he nods in Leeam's direction.

"He knows," says Leeam, who has eyes in the back of his head. He has not looked at the leech. "It's Milgo!" he's saying, "Milgo! Milgo!"

"So that's 2,200 off," he says. "Sixty-five thousand dollars. A little less. From here it's downhill." He is furious. A week earlier Milgo had been trading around 33.

"How many scopes will \$65,000 buy you, Barry?" Safren asks. "I've also got a payroll to meet," Rubenstein says.

"A thousand people?"

"Eight."

"Eight!"

Milgo is trading now at 28¾, 28¼ . . . Leeam sits on Safren's desk and makes telephone calls. He is calling other sizable Milgo stockholders to tell them what he is doing, why he is doing it. The news that Leeam is selling is leaking out, all right, and he hopes to discourage them from panicking out of Milgo en masse and bopping the price down to 10. "I suppose I'm worth about \$60,000 less than I was an hour ago," he tells someone. "I don't feel that different." Someone else, who isn't worried, needles him. Word is out that Leeam is in danger of becoming a celebrity. People want him to do a film, want him on TV. Harper & Row wants a book out of him. He has said no to all this, but . . . "Yes, I'm going to start going to nightclubs," he tells the needler.

Suddenly something else is happening in the room. Brokers have been speculating about Leeam's activities. He has had all their attention. Now a stocky man with a sweating face lunges to the front of the boardroom and makes an announcement, and Leeam is forgotten. "Salomon Brothers is offering 128,500 shares of City Stores

at 22. An 85% concession." The 85% amounts to about triple the normal brokerage commission, and there is the grinding of a dozen telephones being dialed.

"Ever hear of City Stores?" a crew-cut man across the aisle asks a customer. "Well, it's one sweet company."

Leeam is sweating, too. "He thinks he's saved himself money," he says into Safren's phone, talking with still another Milgo stockholder. He is speaking of the man with the back problem. "He hasn't. He wants in, and when he tries to buy in the open market, in little pieces, he's going to run the price up to 35. At that price ADDS can afford to cash in more chips." And: "Look," he tells somebody else, who is worried, "I have limited resources. I have to look at Milgo against where ADDS is going. I dumped Recognition to go into Milgo at a time when I said Recognition would double in price even from where I was selling it. Huh? Well, it *did*! Resource allocation . . ." he says. "Value theory. . . ." And: To someone else, he says, "I'll tell you what's bugging me. It's this day. The minuscule return on the time investment. The minuscule return on the pain-in-the-ass investment."

'70,000 shares of Chrysler!' But the leech hangs on

"God damn it," he howls now. The leech, ignoring the good news about City Stores, out for bigger game, is padding back down the aisle. "God damn it, we have this audio input here! He's back!"

Leeam hangs up. Red-faced, he shouts at Safren, who is two feet away, "Seventy thousand shares of Chrysler at market!" Safren grabs the phone. He barks, without dialing, "Seventy thousand shares Chrysler at market!" The leech will scurry back up the aisle to his desk. Chrysler will hit a new high today!

That's not what happens. The leech, who is no fool, does not move. He stands there, behind Safren's desk, gazing at the tape. Just stands there.

Leeam has had enough. His face is hard, exhausted, 50 years old. Safren is scowling. He was interested in the leech's tip, and has been following Leasco on the tape. It is down two points so far—is picking up momentum, too, and before the day ends will be down eight. Rubenstein's face, curiously, is blooming. He looks dreamy. He is dreaming about oscilloscopes, it

develops. "You know something?" he murmurs quietly to Leeam, as though the matter might be of a certain academic interest. "With \$65,000, ADDS can make it for eight weeks. I've figured it out." Leeam is halfway up the aisle to the door.

So then in Eberlin's, later, this unadorned Wall Street restaurant Leeam has had great trouble locating—peering suspiciously at street signs as though in enemy country—the waiter tsks at the sight of Leeam. He goes off muttering and without a word brings him, held out at arm's length, a bus-boy's brown cotton jacket Leeam is to slip on before sitting down.

There is a certain ambivalence in Leeam Lowin, and that evening, safely returned from Wall Street but a bit morose still, he discovered little prickles of guilt in his nerve ends. He just might prefer to blow up six corporations, he thinks, than to create them. He's of his generation. "Of course I'm a Luddite," he said, astonished by the dumb question. He unpropped himself from the pinball machine, against which he had been leaning. He produced a clipping from the *Times* which told of a young man who attempted to blow up power lines running into a war plant.

Leeam does not blow up power lines. Probably he doesn't. He does make little gestures. He taxis to the U.N., across town, to buy his stamps and mail his letters—great heaps of them—there. This is a symbolic protest against the U.S. government generally and, in particular, its role in Vietnam. He puts down a different nine-digit number every time he is required to enter his social security number on a government form. This is a symbolic protest against onrushing totalitarianism. His real protest was to be his refusal to be drafted. He was deciding what to do—Canada, maybe, though prison might accomplish more, show some people—when, well, when a doctor declared him 4-F. A bad knee. Another dumb question and "I'm not a hippie or a new leftist," he said. "I'm a Marxist. Hippies and the S.D.S. people are bourgeois. I am not a bourgeois."

We were in the living room now. Jane's guitar was against the wall. She sings folk songs. *Long Gone Lonesome Blues* was on the record player, sung by Hank Williams. The television set, which is on the coffee table, is an electronic marvel. It is half-a-foot square with a one-inch screen. Nothing bourgeois there. Unbanded now, convalescent, the cat was rubbing for attention against

Leeam's booted ankle. Across the street a man was sitting on a bed in the hotel and holding his face in his hands. "I detest the rich," Leeam said. "I detest the government we have, which is designed to serve the interests of the rich. Shall I . . . ? Look, a couple of years ago, I had this very disturbing experience."

He is exhausted to the point of introspection and begins hesitantly examining aloud this memory, turning it over and over, scrutinizing it, puzzling on it. He is speaking half to himself and there is no bulb inside lighting up that face now. "I was in San Francisco, walking through Haight-Ashbury, visiting. I had lived in a commune like it one summer. No haves there. No have-nots. Love. Sharing. Concern. People grew grass and what we didn't smoke they shipped to Chicago. It brought in the only money anybody had. Now like I was in the same scene, but I was 21. I wasn't 19, and I was earning a million dollars a year. A girl came up and asked for my spare money. Well, all the money I have is spare money. *Well wasn't it? Isn't it?* She had this innocent, trusting face. I became very upset. That face. I was sick to my stomach all of a sudden, and I was trying to get away from there."

The door opened, and Jane entered, returning from a class in the Indian dance. She was tall, willowy. A knockout. She wore jeans, a shirt of Leeam's, its tails hanging loose, and ballet slippers. "I like the dance," she said, asked if she was a serious dancer. The only intelligent answer possible. She sprawled on the couch with Robert Ardrey's book *The Territorial Imperative*.

Leeam met Jane at a party. She was a student at Nassau Community College. When they got engaged, three years ago, Leeam let her father know that he was prepared to compromise with the world; he would get a job paying \$25 a week, upon which they would live. During his free time he would pursue intellectual interests. Jane's father, one has been told, was nervous.

Leeam was still talking. "President Nixon. . . . Do you know of the students in Montreal who blew up their school's million-dollar computer . . . ?"

Leeam's six companies face competition from sizable corporations already flourishing, and their nurture and upbringing, which Leeam will tend to, require different talents from those Leeam used in identifying stocks ready for lift-off. One of Wall Street's most re-

spected security analysts, a specialist in electronics stocks, sees one company as—plainly—the grossest of idiocies, and becomes indignant at the thought of it. His eyes bug out. Two of them he sees as probable losers, one as a possible small winner, one as—just possibly—a big winner, and has no opinion on another.

‘On the other hand, who the hell knows anything anymore?’

“On the other hand,” he muses disgustedly, “who the hell knows anything anymore?” He glowers out the window at Hanover Square. He is a big man in his late 50s. He is surrounded by mahogany paneling and oil paintings, the carpet pile is such that his visitor is in it up to his knees, and he has decided his job is a fraud. “I know what Control Data will earn in fiscal 1971. Maybe I do. If this dumb kid were founding six companies to package food, you’d look at the soup company, you’d look at the frozen vegetables company, you’d know which companies might make it. In technology, this state-of-the-art stuff, you don’t know what is going to lead to what, and so you don’t know nuttin’.”

ADDS is organized and financed. The second company coming along is SSDS, Solid State Data Sciences, which will design microelectronic components for radios, terminals, everything. Company Three, which has no name yet, will get into designing computer programs. It will focus on the solution of management problems for customers through simulation techniques. What is the best bolt to use in this wheel? Where’s the ideal place to build the plant to make the bolt? The fourth company, also unnamed, will plunge into information retrieval, storing all the industrial and technical data it can get its hands on and making it available to customers over telephone lines. Number Five, unnamed, will enter the time-sharing field. In time-sharing a company rents direct access to a master computer it owns to customer companies which are able to use it simultaneously. Bear with us. The sixth company is something else again. It will make and distribute films. It has not the growth potential, maybe, of some of the others, but Leeam has a special fondness for it. He is a film buff. Without bothering to organize formally, Company Six has helped finance the feature film *King, Murray*, which got some kind reviews but hasn’t

made any money. Leeam has seen *Murray* 21 times.

Leeam is founding these companies because really big money is not made by buying stock in companies from outside—which has been his game till now. It is made by buying stock from inside. Insiders, who are the original investors, make their pile by allowing the public in to establish a market price on the stock that the insiders own.

To bring the public in, Leeam does not have to raise the six companies to the point where they become successful and can stand alone. What a 1945 idea! In the speculative late 1960s success can be damning. “It gives the public the chance to separate the real, if any, from the fantasy,” declares a mutual fund impresario raising an eyebrow at companies that dare bring out products and have earnings. He is joking of course. He is half joking. People do indeed buy stock in little high-technology outfits whose names include words like digital, like data, like systems, because they are pursuing a fantasy. The fantasy is that one such company will be the new Xerox, the new IBM, the new Polaroid. Till there are earnings and a product the fantasy is unchecked. It cannot hit ground. There is no ground.

Of course, one such company will be the new Xerox. That’s what makes horse races.

Leeam and uncles and aunts whose money he tends will put around \$4 million into the six companies. Say they issue themselves four million shares, at \$1 per share. It’s done every day. Then in order to raise still more capital, the companies will offer additional shares to the public. Say they offer them at \$5 a share. That is reasonable and done every day and even conservative. Already now the public, by buying stock in Leeam’s companies, will have raised the value of the insiders’ stock from \$4 million to \$20 million. That’s the beginning.

With the names they’ll have, with the prospectuses they’ll issue, it’s likely the companies’ stock, when issued to the public, will be hot. Enter now speculators operating on a theory more revered on the Street than the Federal Reserve. This is the bigger-fool theory. According to it, it is sound to buy anything with a yeasty technological name because a bigger fool will come along to buy at a higher price. Within hours of the initial public offering, the shares issued at \$5 may well be selling for something like \$15.

At \$15 per share the \$4 million



The pinball machine which adorns a corner of Leeam’s office serves as an auxiliary desk as well as a source of occasional entertainment.

Leeam Lowin investment is now worth \$60 million. And if only the companies were located not in New York, but in glamor-technology centers like Massachusetts’ Route 128, or Dallas, or Palo Alto, or Minneapolis, the \$4 million investment might be worth not \$60 million. It might be worth far more. Far more.

It should be noted that Leeam may not peel off shares from his roll and sell them to the public at 15. His stock is founder’s stock and restricted. The SEC is watching. But there is nothing to prevent him from eventually unloading his shares at a discount—at 10, say—in a private transaction, perhaps to a mutual fund.

Leeam has no intention of do-

ing anything of the kind. There is a new world coming. He wants a hand in running it.

Leeam’s life could have gone very differently, he is saying this evening. He is almost halfway from 23 to 24. Absently he scratches the cat. He is melancholy. Perhaps he could have been a hippie, a non-bourgeois one, or a happy Luddite blowing up computers, but, well, something happened. There was a turning point. He went to Columbia and discovered the sheer tonnage of data stored there. He got excited and never did get back on the track. Columbia ruined him.

CONTINUED

He does not say that. He says he is grateful to Columbia.

He got to the school on a scholarship, a kid genius out of the Lower East Side. "I went to Columbia looking for data to pump into the logic system," he says. "I knew how to think already. Logic came like breathing. But I wanted raw data out of the place. Then the classes turned out to be instruction not in facts but in underlying logical principles, like sociology or astronomy. The principles were elementary or else all wrong. . . . Sociology! . . . Pretty much I stopped going to classes, and I sat in Butler Library and read. I was interested in the interrelationships that can be ascribed to sets of numbers. I had not been to a race track. I haven't yet. But I used to read racing results. Why had this horse won? What numbers had suggested a high level of probability? There was distance, of course, but how did it relate to weight? How did these relate to past performance? And rainfall tied in somewhere. And I was interested in the stock market. Price-earnings ratios, leverage, earnings. . . . Everything had to fit together somehow. But Columbia. . . . Did I tell you about football?"

He had been required to take up a sport, and football had seemed possible. "The coach discovered that I could run very fast, which I hadn't known myself. I was promising. But I wouldn't wear a number. I said I wouldn't and I didn't. The coach would talk to us about a brilliant play the big team, the varsity—whatever they call it—had made over the weekend. He looked at me and said, 'Lowin, did you learn anything from that play?' I agreed I hadn't. He wanted to know why. I said I hadn't seen it. And why? Well, I hadn't gone to the game. That went on, and one day he demanded to know exactly how, for God's sake, I had missed this big game with old Ivy, or whatever. The big homecoming game. Well, I had. Well, how many games had I gone to all year. Well, I'd never been to a football game.

"He passed me off on the track coach, but I wasn't a success in track, really."

Before dropping out of Columbia, Leeam took out a student's loan, \$800 of which was the capitalization with which he entered the stock market.

Work on the companies is a matter of conferences. Mornings



At an antiques fair Leeam and Jane ham for fake daguerreotype

Leeam is on the phone with lawyers. The lawyers counsel, object, promise, demur, consult and arrive at the door burdened with documents. Afternoons Leeam confers with prospective employees who are scientists at research institutes, universities and established corporations. This man he wants to hire, that man is worthless. This man from the Brookhaven National Laboratory he wants to give stock to. "We'll lose him otherwise," he tells a lawyer, "because with us he'll discover how good he is." He has come on these men at technical conferences, or they have been sent to him by friends he has made, not unpurposefully, at companies he invested in.

'Tell me why Blah Company succeeded and Blah failed'

The hope, always, is that he will run on people who are already thinking of starting a company to do what he is starting a company to do, and need money. This happens. He listens carefully. "But tell me what your concepts are," he says to a group that wants to talk stock. "Tell me why you think Blah Company succeeded, and why Blah failed." But the group just wants to talk stock. To a law-

yer, later, when they have been banished, Leeam says, with irritation, "Even if they knew they couldn't make good executive decisions and I said decisions had to be cleared with me, what would I base my decisions on? Their information?" To another group, which has done its homework, he says, "Perhaps we can make a deal."

Sessions start in the office, spill out into the living room. Late one wearing afternoon a man asks for a drink. Neither Leeam nor Jane drinks, and Leeam goes to the kitchen for Pepsi. No one is against drinking, Leeam explains. It just has not occurred to them to drink. The man blinks at that.

Just a blink. Nothing more. He may have a job. Earlier Leeam had got wondering looks. The hair. . . ! The boots. . . ! But Leeam's appearance was forgotten, seemingly, when he spoke. This doesn't always happen. "One way I test people," Leeam says later, "is by their reactions to . . . well, my age. Some people shut off at me. They can't listen. So they are people with closed minds, anyway. People with closed minds are not people I can use."

Closed minds. . . . About closed minds, or minds closed off against him, Leeam can be touchy as a boil. If he has little tolerance for concerns of the bourgeoisie, such

as football and sociology, that, perhaps, is understandable. Seldom has the bourgeoisie demonstrated much tolerance for Leeam Lowin. Cops hound him, and when the cops let up there's the military to bug him, or conservatives who hang around brokerage offices. So he says.

"Jane and I were driving to Miami 10 months ago," he says this evening. "I had bought this big block of Milgo, which is down there. We had just gone through Daytona, on our way to Milgo, and we passed this cop who was in a patrol car. He got a look at me. Beard! T-shirt! Hair! He came after me. Sirens! Lights! Where do you live, punk? Where do you think you're going, creep? You stay off the streets and keep moving." He scratches the cat. "The hotel across from Penn Station, the place where the American Psychological Association holds its conventions. I forget the name. Get the hell out of here, the manager said to me. Several cops were around. They watched while physically the doormen pushed me and threw me out on the sidewalk. No, I mean pushed me and threw me. Crumb-bum, a cop said. I was walking down a corridor of O'Hare, in Chicago, and an Army general was coming from the other direction. I had my clothes in a pillowcase. It's lighter than a suitcase, and besides you take it aboard your plane and don't wait for a suitcase to be unloaded at your destination. This general was old and his uniform was covered with medals, stars, stripes, bars, pennants, and . . . oh, braid, buttons, flags, epaulettes, and he was wearing spurs, as I remember. At least a general, he was. He began to make strange sounds when he saw me. UNH-UNH-UNH-UNH. Like that. UNH-UNH-UNH-UNH. Very loudly and with everybody staring. I went back at him. UNH-UNH-UNH-UNH, I said. We passed each other groaning this way and kept on groaning, louder and louder, till we were at opposite ends of this marble corridor and couldn't hear each other. The generation gap got wider and wider as we parted."

"So what's so surprising about a Leeam Lowin?" asked the securities analyst, the man who had appraised the chances of Leeam's companies and glowered out the window. "You'll be peeling newspapers off a wire that's just printed them in your living room. You'll have a TV set on your wrist. They'll sell it to you with a mandatory option, like with cars. The option'll be for a terminal plugging you into the Carnegie National Public

Data Bank. Your kids will take drugs to slow down their aging.

"You get over 30 and you are looking backward half the time. You have blinkers on. This guy is what? Twenty-three? Well, it takes a 23-year-old to see what's happening."

Happy is the life of the non-1945 person. He can see what's happening and he can—also? therefore?—bring to successful business negotiations a style influenced less by Roger Blough than by Beatles' films. Meet the young man who is to run Company Three, who comes to the apartment one night with problems. This is John Straub, who had encountered Leeam first when Straub, too, was suffering at Columbia. Straub today is 26 and a consultant to industry on computers and information systems, with a firm all his own, J. R. Straub Associates, Inc. This evening he is woozy with flu. He has spent the week in bed, and his face is chalk. He is in jeans and a pea coat. He is worried, for it is uncertain now, because of de-

velopments that are taking place, where some of Leeam's other companies leave off and where Three begins. Yes, Leeam muses. Indeed. Oh, indeed. In time another Lowin enterprise might attempt to poach on Three's estate. Signs might have to be posted. Mad dog! That kind of thing.

Leeam is more interested in fixing Straub's role and share of the loot. "You know what to do first?" he says. "You feasibility. You know what you get? I will give you carte blanche. Not Diner's, no. Don't ask that. But carte blanche."

Frisky as an undergraduate he is tonight.

Straub murmurs weakly that he is in the process of liquidating a prospering consulting firm in order to work with Leeam.

"Should you disunmisfeasibility, you can revive it and then you will be worth something to clients. You will have learned something. I, on the other hand, will sue to recover costs, not to mention your 25%. I have good lawyers."

"I am to get 25%? Stock? How did you decide that?"

"I announced it in my infinite wisdom."

That wonderful day he had run on Leeam at Columbia, Straub confesses, that day so memorable to industry, had been the most unlucky day in his life. "But I have a bad luck factor of 100," he says, wheezing. "Always have had."

Number 18 means 'vice president in charge of noodles'

He blows his nose, and talks now with pained earnestness. Leeam, ignoring him, busies himself reading magazines: *Datamation*, *Aerospace Technology*, *Computer Design*, *Computerworld*. . . . Now, as Straub talks on, he is on his feet and at the pinball machine.

Ping!

"These machines," he observes contemptuously, "have only small analog inputs. But you time-share

them. You build a hybrid exchange. You have a digital readout."

The machine lights up, and the number 288 appears on the screen. "You, John Straub, will be earning \$15,000 a year, \$288 a week."

Straub has been accustomed to earning \$30 an hour as a consultant, which adds up to a lot more. Game but a little shaky, he stands up and goes to the machine. The number 18 comes on the screen.

"You are vice-president in charge of noodles."

Straub tries again, getting some elbow into it, and this time a light flashes the news that a tilt by one player disqualifies that one player only.

"The Jimmy Hoffa clause!" Leeam cries jubilantly. He dances, he calls for Jane to come see, he thumps the weakened Straub across the back with a copy of *Computerworld*. "That tells us that if the SEC puts me away, you, John Straub, can pretend to run the Lowin enterprises while I do the dirty work from behind bars."

Leeam's uncluttered apartment-office is in mid-Manhattan, 16 stories up



After Tragedy:

by MARSHALL SMITH

Seven years ago, on a circus high wire in Detroit, the human pyramid of the Flying Wallendas suddenly collapsed. The plunge killed two of the Wallendas and paralyzed another. Today, in a backyard in Sarasota, Florida, the gray-haired leader of the act struts the practice wire and hoists overhead his little granddaughter, who is meant to walk the high wire with the others one day. Five of the Wallendas have gone on with the show and the old master, Karl Wallenda, still performing at 64, is teaching a new generation to follow in his footsteps.

Karl wills that the children of wire-walkers themselves will be wire-walkers. But his wife Helen, who retired from the high wire three times and was cajoled back twice, worries about the small ones. "Kids are like monkeys," she says. "They imitate and they like to climb. They're up on the low wire after school, clowning around and showing off for their friends. They have no fear and it's only a short hop from the backyard to the big top."

Years ago Helen tried to keep her own daughter Carla off the high wire. "I had dreams that maybe she would be a ballerina, or a concert pianist, and grow up to meet a nice man—a doctor or a lawyer maybe—and forget all about the circus business. But by the time she was 16, Carla was right up on top of the seven-people pyramid. Now I worry about Carla's children, and those of her sister Jenny."

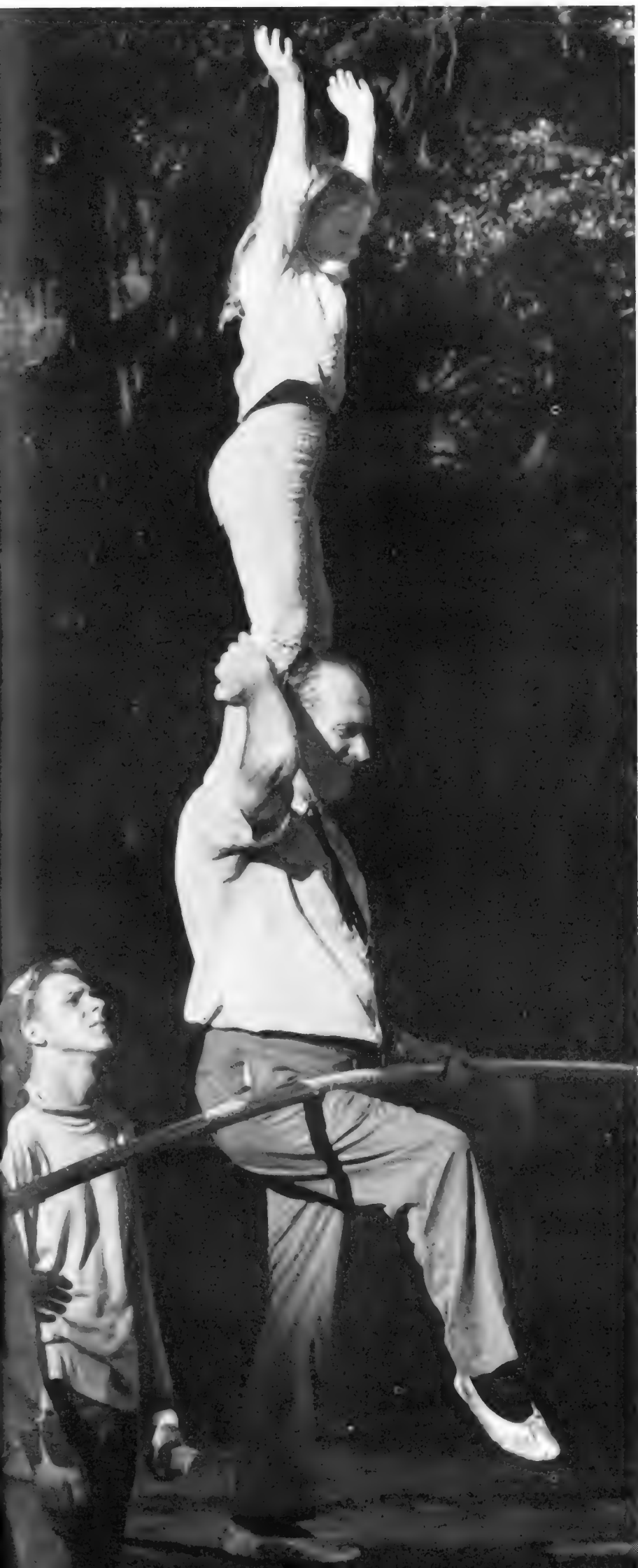
Helen, too, was only 16 when she left home in Munich, Germany, to join the touring high-wire act of Karl Wallenda. "At first it was a lot of fun. I had nerve. We went to Paris and then Havana." John Ringling discovered the act and in 1928 brought it to New York. "I was top-mounter on the three-high pyramid, which was quite spectacular at the time," she recalls. "But Karl couldn't sleep unless he made the act more

CONTINUED

The fall in Detroit in 1962 (left) killed two Wallendas and left one partially paralyzed—Mario, lying just inside ring at left. Four others clung to the wire: leader Karl clutching his niece Jana, his brother Herman and his nephew Gunther.



A New Age of Flying Wallendas



At left, Karl Wallenda practices with granddaughter Rietta on the low wire in their backyard. Another Wallenda, Tino (left), and neighbor Dale Busch who is also training for the wire, watch the

old master. Karl's son Mario (above), paralyzed from the waist down since the Detroit fall, studies Rietta's progress. Training in the background are Rietta's mother Carla and stepfather Richard.

CONTINUED

spectacular. The day before we opened with Barnum and Bailey, he announced without any warning that we would work without a net. I said I wouldn't do it. Then he reminded me that we had done it in Havana. So we worked without a net again in New York, and we were a big success."

But Helen was afraid, and two weeks later she feigned sickness to keep from going on until Ringling himself offered a small stand-by net. She continued in the show, reluctantly. "Karl married me between shows in Cincinnati to keep me from quitting," she says. But he wouldn't budge from his insistence on performing without a net. "God is my net," he would say.

The Wallendas survived scare after scare. In St. Paul, Minn., a workman accidentally kicked through the glass roof of the arena while the Wallendas were in their pyramid. Helen was distracted and fell into the orchestra pit, but was only slightly hurt. The great circus fire in Hartford broke out while the Wallendas were on the wire. They escaped with singed costumes. They were on the wire in Man-

agua, Nicaragua, when a major earthquake struck. They held their places while the crowd ran for the exits. "I tried to go, but Karl wouldn't let me," Helen admitted. "He asked me whether I was a farmer or a performer. I said farmer. But he made me stay anyhow, and he signaled for the orchestra to begin playing again."

But the luck of the Wallendas was running out. Helen's brother Philip lost an eye in a fall from the wire in Shreveport, La. Carla's husband crashed to the floor in Wichita and was hospitalized for several months. Then came the tragedy in Detroit. Even that could not keep the Wallendas off the high wire. The very next day Karl and two others who had managed to cling to the wire—his brother Herman and his nephew Gunther—went on with the act.

His daughter Carla remembers: "Daddy was in a trance for a year after the fall. He couldn't remember anything. Every night he would wake up screaming." When the season was over, Karl underwent surgery for a hernia he had suffered in the Detroit accident. In delirium, he would call out the names

In the Detroit fall, Karl (left) and Gunther held Jana, 17, while a net was set up to catch her. Though unhurt in the accident, Jana quit the wire.

of the people in the act. It took a straitjacket to control him.

Out of the hospital again, Karl agreed to revive the seven-man pyramid for a TV film late in 1963. During practice at Sarasota, the wire slipped and the seven fell. Luckily, it was the low wire and no one was seriously injured. Nonetheless, Gunther retired immediately. Herman, after 43 years in the act, also wanted to quit. But Karl was adamant. "We made a deal and we'll go through with it." Then, during dress rehearsal in Fort Worth, with the pyramid on the wire, a power failure suddenly blackened the auditorium. "Everybody stand still," Karl commanded. They did, until the lights came on again and the show went on.

These days a smaller four-man pyramid is used, but even so, Karl has difficulty recruiting enough people. "I used to put an ad in



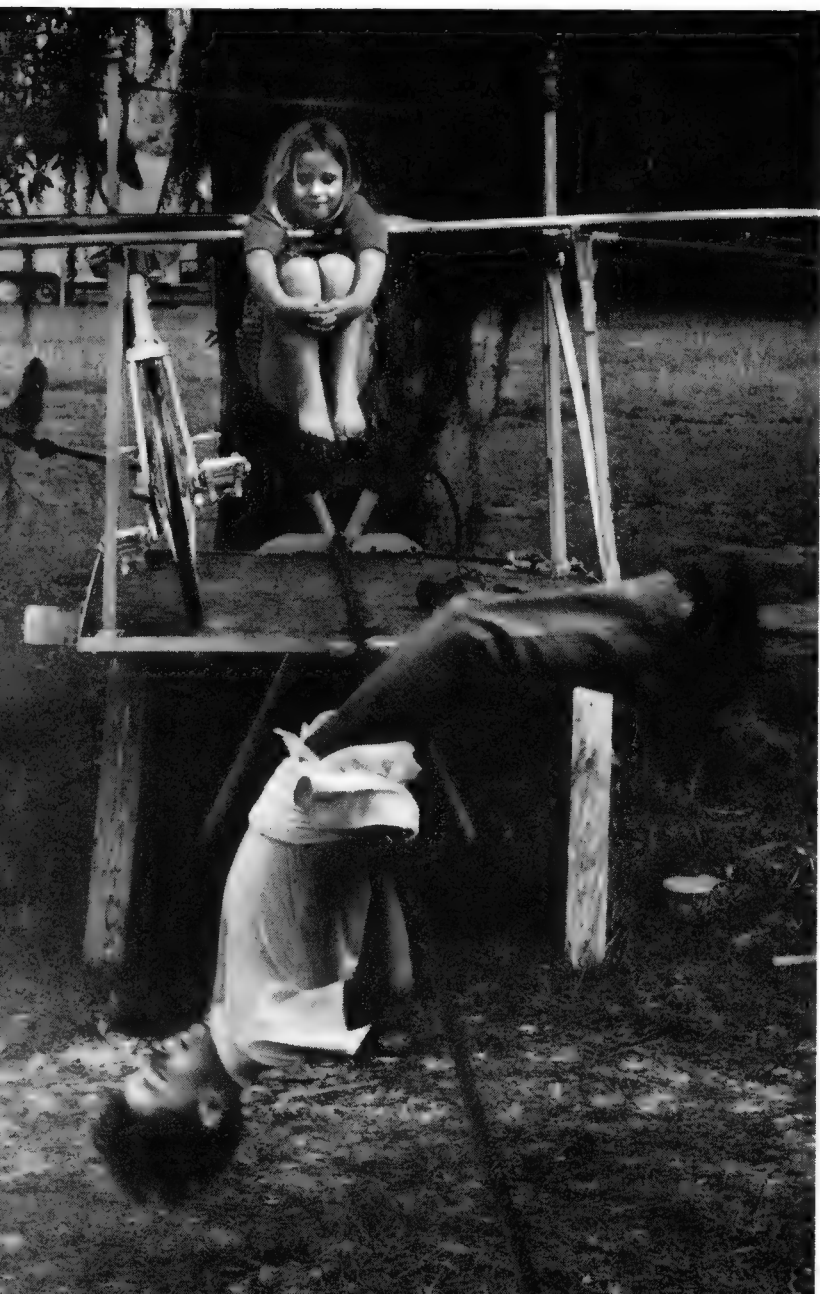
the paper and get 100 applicants," he says. "Now I have to recruit within my own immediate family." For a while he tried to figure out a way to get his son Mario, who was paralyzed in the Detroit fall, onto the wire in his wheelchair. Mario refused. "The circus, especially the high wire, that's all Karl knows," says Helen. "We never even speak of the accident. But it's in our hearts."

At present, the act consists of Karl, his daughter Carla and her husband Richard, their son Ricky, 14, and Jenny's son Tino, 18. Carla's son Mario, 12, hopes to join the act next year. And her daughter Rietta, 8, is now practicing on the three-foot-high wire while the others work 12 feet in the air. The group will go on tour with the Thomas Packs Circus in June.

Helen hasn't watched the Wallendas perform in six years, and she even stays away from practice sessions. She couldn't bear to see one more accident, one more Wallenda dead or maimed on the arena floor. "If I watched, I would jump up and say don't do this or don't do that. I mean, like the little girl when she goes up there to stand on her head and do the split. I could frighten her. I'm not like my husband, who says, 'You perfect that trick and you get a nice present.' My husband bribes them, you know. He'll do anything to make the Wallendas a bigger success."

As she sits sewing buttons and spangles on gaudy new circus uniforms, Helen thinks of those who no longer walk the wire and of her grandchildren. Especially Rietta, this little one who walks the practice wire in her bare feet hamming it up like an old circus pro. Rietta is named for Helen's sister who, in Omaha in 1963, died in a fall from the high wire. ◀

Her fear of the wire that the young ones will walk



Karl Wallenda's wife Helen (above) survived 35 years of walking the high wire. Now, afraid to watch performances or even practice sessions, she stays at home, sewing the family's uniforms and watching television. She worries about the grandchildren—at left Rietta and brother Mario—who hope someday to join the Flying Wallendas.



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Minolta



Houston

Fashion savvy of a rich city hitched



In front of her chateau-style house (above), Mrs. Oscar Wyatt, blonde wife of an industrialist, wears a favorite Courrèges pantsuit. At

right, in halter-topped evening dress by Jon Haggins (\$90), Mrs. Robert Gerry, whose grandfather founded the Humble Oil Company,

Photographed by HOWELL CONANT

to the new

Houston has become one of the fastest growing cities in the U.S. by latching onto the new. Renowned for astronauts, heart transplants and the Astrodome, Houston is also a city of beautiful women with exciting fashion savvy. It was the first place in the U.S. to opt for unadulterated Courrèges—a boutique devoted to his styles was opened in early 1968 by Sakowitz, a leading department store. Open-minded about style trends, the women have taken up all the contemporary looks and adapted them to their own way of life, which includes a lot of expansive, expensive entertaining. They go for

the slick, new pantsuit for everything short of downtown daytime activities. They like feminine evening dresses and the snappy skin-baring cuts, and they prefer simple clothes enlivened with a bit of whimsy. Well aware that the classic Texas cowboy garb and other southwestern styles have been an influence all over the world, they are inclined to like the frontier look best when it has been updated by a designer to give it a new zip. The outlook is cosmopolitan and though the women of Houston are not afraid of a little Texas flash, they know how to carry it off with verve and grace.



adorns the grounds of her family's old property. Known as the Stables, the building, a landmark, is now used only for entertaining.







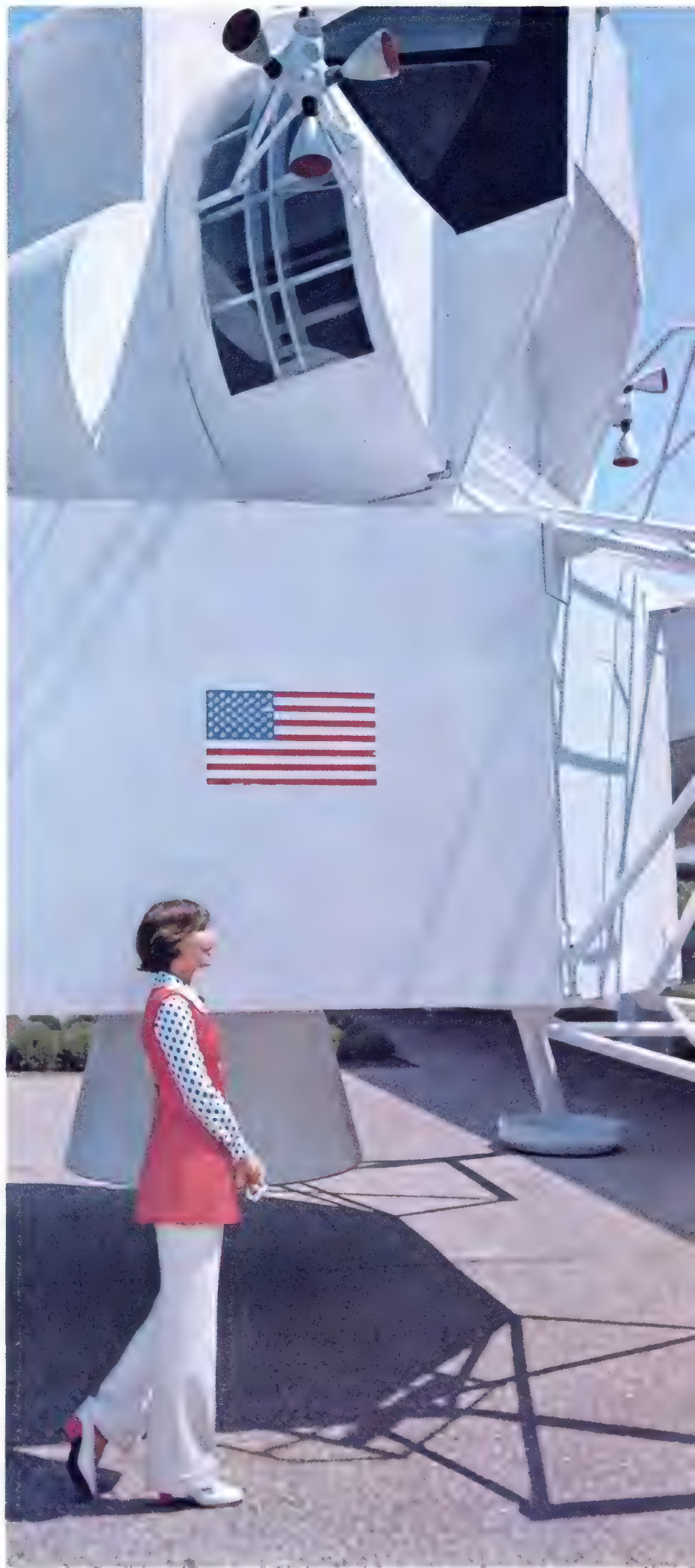
Sheltered by a huge granite sculpture outside the Museum of Fine Arts, Pamela Sakowitz, New York socialite who recently married department-store scion Robert Sakowitz, wears an imaginative,

Texas-priced outfit by Mr. John (\$625). Below, Jane Conrad, wife of Astronaut Pete Conrad, inspects a model of the Lunar Module at the Space Center in tri-colored pantsuit by Luba for Elite (\$150).



Admiring Indian on the roof of a restaurant overlooking a section of the Texas Medical Center, Mrs. Joe Wellborn Jr. wears dress and pants by Gayle Kirkpatrick (\$165).

Mrs. Wellborn is shown with another statue, marble nude adorning pool at the Warwick Hotel, in rhinestone-trimmed dress with necktie top by Eloise Curtis (\$65).





In the hall of Isabella Court, an old building with a south-of-the-border influence, Susan Wellborn wears a Mexican-looking outfit by Gayle Kirkpatrick—organdy blouse (\$25) and pleated cotton skirt (\$55). Wife of a former Giants football player, Mrs. Wellborn is manager of the accessory department at Neiman-Marcus.



Eighteen-year-old Susan Forristal, who has already begun a successful modeling career in New York, shows a demure but midriff-baring lace dress by Eloise Curtis (\$80). The wrought-iron gates belong to a restaurant, Les Quatre Saisons, in Market Square, an old section which recently has been remodeled into a chic but unstuffy dining and shopping area. Her silver and plastic clogs are by Mademoiselle.



In front of a sign pointing the way to coffee shop next door to Les Quatre Saisons, Lili Milani wears a striped knit pantsuit from Geist and Geist (\$64). Her hair is pulled back and tied New York style with



a scarf. Open-toed sandals are from Latinas. Lili, a senior majoring in architecture at Rice University, is an Argentinian who came to Houston when her father, a doctor, joined the Texas Medical Center.



Gwen Collie, a debutante of last year and a sophomore at the University of Texas, wears a knit dress with mixed patterns suggesting calico, from Goldworm (\$70). She stands in front of the window of a Market Square restaurant.

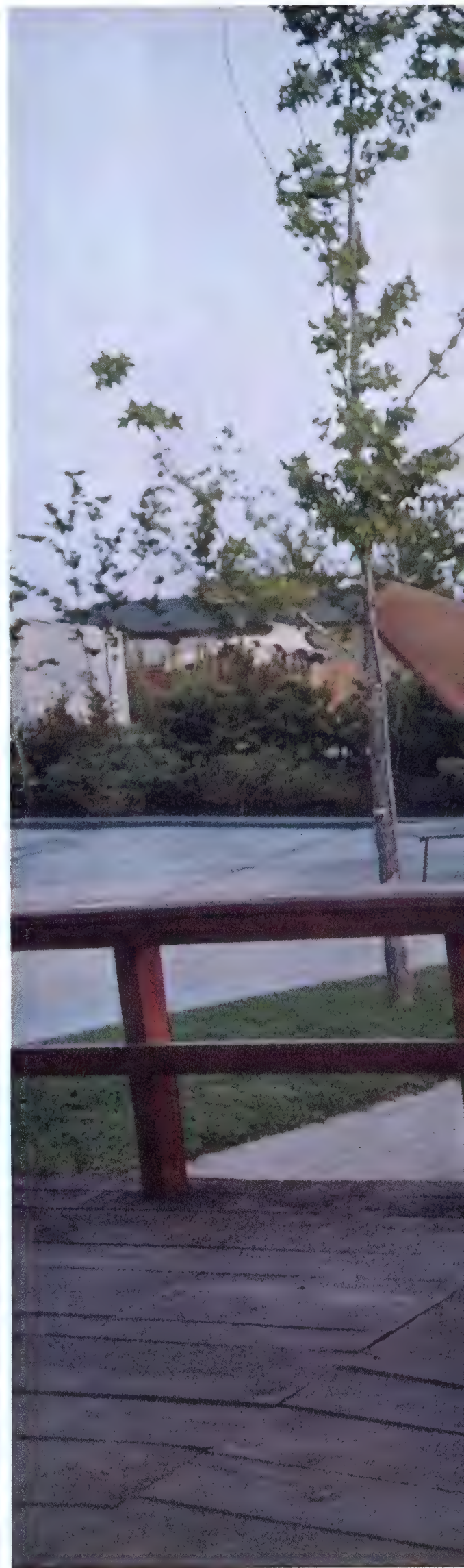
Pamela Sakowitz cuts a bright figure in a dramatic two-part dress made with skimpy top and a rope-hung miniskirt, by Gayle Kirkpatrick (\$100). She is in the entryway of La Bastille, a Market Square restaurant lit by flaming torches.



Every inch a sophisticate of the Old West, Susan Wellborn wears checked, flared trousers (\$40) over clinging leotard (\$30), by Jon Haggins—with Adolfo's cowboy hat and silver belt by Cerutti. In the background a rock band, the Shayds, climbs stairs to top-floor discothèque.



Atop the Astrodome—in the private quarters of Judge Roy Hofheinz, who masterminded the stadium—Susan Forristal leans on a statue from Haiti. She wears an organdy pinafore and pants by Victoria Royal Ltd. (\$150). At far right, Susan is surrounded by her eight brothers and sisters at the Astroworld, the extravagant amusement park next to the Astrodome. In contrast to their real western outfits, Susan wears a New York version of the genre—a see-through shirt of chiffon and crepe (\$48) with linen jeans (\$55), both by Sport Sophisticates. The family ranges from Patrick, 2 (at Susan's right knee), to the twin girls, 17, who flank her. Behind them is a slide shaped like a cowboy boot and emblazoned with the Lone Star of Texas.





Swissair Test Passengers sit out the Future.



Swissair test passengers in the jumbo jet
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AS YOU may know, we're going to considerable trouble and expense to put you aloft in jumbo jets (Boeing 747s to you).

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So that's what the people above are doing. Nobody operates a real 747 yet, but Air France has a life-size mockup, and generously allowed us to play with it in Paris. (*Merci beaucoup*, Air France.)

We tried our own fittings on for size and style. Our real simulated passengers tested the comfort of the armchairs, the durability of the wall fabric, and the softness of the carpeting. They also lolled about with ashtrays, stereo earphones, and foot rests to make sure everything was properly located.

Then our real simulated staff road-tested the aperitif cart, bristling with pushbuttons, and the service trolleys

to learn the fastest way of getting twice 353 meals from the new galley units to the passengers without throwing the ten hostesses and five stewards into spasms of mass feeding.

What they didn't try, because they already knew, was where to stow the 8800 lbs. of linen, china, and cutlery and the 2000 bottles of beverages you'll need for a flight between Switzerland and the U.S.A.

Naturally we weren't wholly forgetful of self meanwhile. We've been working just as hard on matters of maintenance and passenger handling on the B-747. By experimenting with mockups we've already learned that unloading and loading a plane between landing and take-off takes

no more than twice as long as a short-range aircraft that carries some 90 passengers: 40 minutes.

Then again, at the moment we have three mechanics, two electronics men, two electricians, and a jet engine specialist staying at the Boeing

factory. They're being thoroughly indoctrinated. Later they'll train the 320 people who will maintain our jumbo jets.

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Until you have a chance to judge us for yourself in a real Swissair jumbo jet, we wish you a fine flight on one of our splendid DC-8s. For instance from:

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<i>Singapore and Bombay to Switzerland</i>
<i>Tokyo and Bangkok to Switzerland</i>





Vanishing/ Wildlife / The Giant Sable Antelope of Africa

The extinction of any species is the end of a world. The world that would end with the disappearance of this beautiful and endangered animal, the giant sable antelope (*Hippotragus niger variani*), is a fascinating one and seldom glimpsed by man. *Variani* is one of the wariest of creatures, and its eyesight and sense of smell are so keen that it is almost impossible to get within 100 yards of one. The two dozen or so herds extant inhabit an inaccessible stretch of Angola isolated by two rivers and flooded nine months of the year. Until 1922 they were hunted almost into extinction for their magnificent ringed horns. And today, even under the protection of the Portuguese government, they precariously maintain their eons-old existence. Their numbers, down to about five hundred some years ago, are up to about 2,400. Though hunting is forbidden, native poachers still take a toll. The dark charcoal-brown beauties are also prey to their natural enemies, the lion and leopard, occasionally the cheetah and hyena and especially wild dog packs. They fight back against the lion, making deadly use of those great sweeping horns, which at five and a half feet are the longest of any wild animal save an Asian sheep. Working during the brief weeks that the preserves are accessible, LIFE's Carlo Bavagnoli took these rare photographs of the antelope as they pursue the picturesque polygamous existence shown on the following pages.

Elusive Long-horned Beauty



A group of young males race through the edge of the forest on the Luanda preserve. When he is 3½ years old, a male acquires mates

in harems of up to 20 females. While females have their young, he goes off with other males for a brief bachelor existence.



The females stay together to raise their young. When the male returns he sometimes finds a usurper has taken over his harem. The

two fight, locking horns in ritualized battle. The loser, usually unhurt, goes off to find another harem or end his days in solitude.





An old antelope, the loser of a
horn-to-horn combat with a
young rival, wanders off to be
a loner for the rest of his life.



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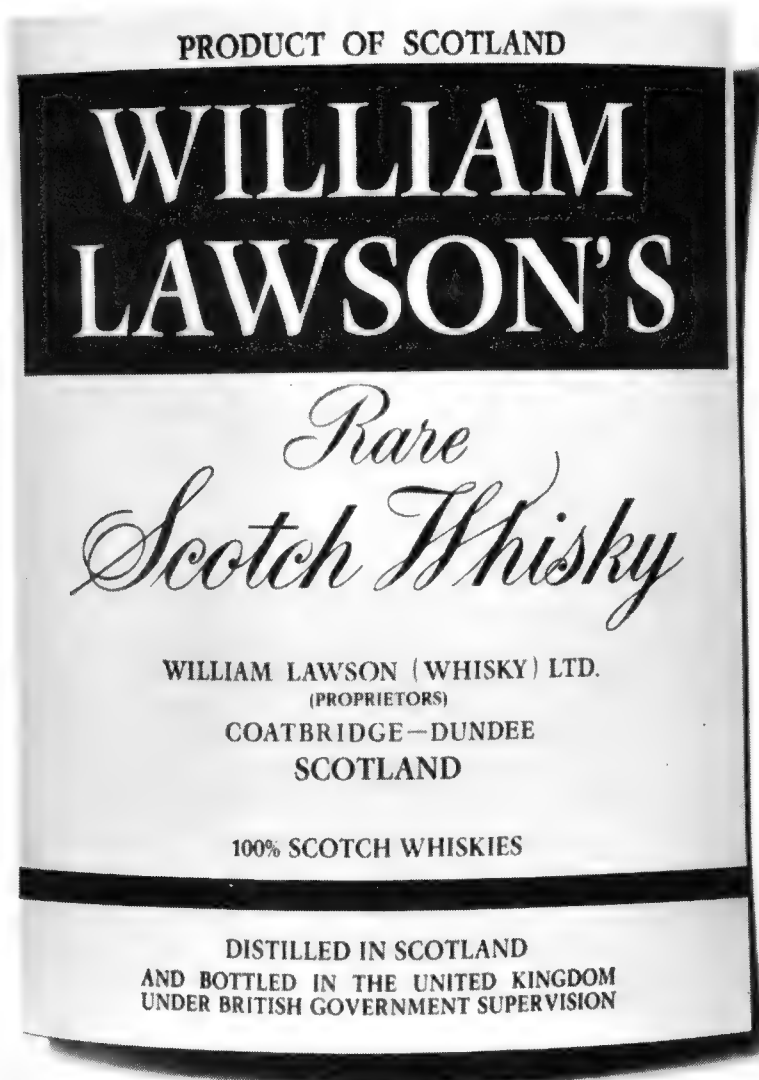
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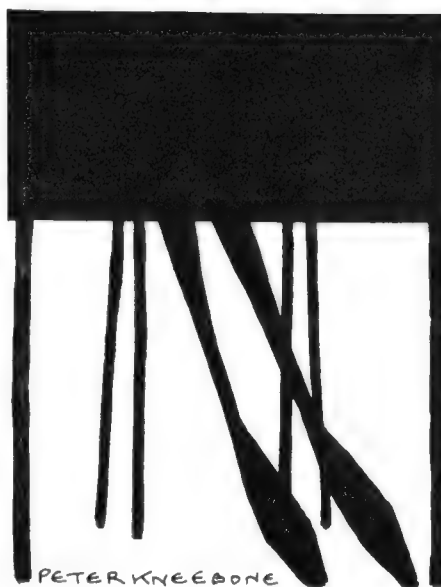
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THE MOB

For sheer candor, a hidden microphone can't be beat. Law breakers and law enforcers know this better than anyone else. At one time or another during a six-year period beginning in 1959, federal agents had a microphone planted somewhere amid the tomato paste and olive oil cans in a back room of the Armory Lounge restaurant in Forest Park, Ill., headquarters of Momo (also known as Moe, Sam, Mooney) Giancana, Boss of the Chicago Mob. They had another bug at a Michigan Avenue tailor shop which served as a meeting place for major Chicago hoodlums. There were two more bugs in a mortgage firm and a mercantile company, where a Giancana lieutenant named Felix (Philly) Alderisio had a piece of the action.

Logs of conversations picked up by these microphones were restricted to use as background intelligence only and have remained deep in government files, with access to them tightly controlled. They performed a highly useful function. In 1959, for example, four years before Joe Valachi turned government informant, the tailor shop bug recorded Moe Giancana and his Mob Boss predecessor, Tony Accardo, reciting a roll call of the Mafia's High Commission, a lineup which until that time had been purely a matter of speculation among enforcement officers. To the anguish of the gangsters, other information contained in the logs is now beginning to bubble to the surface, as an ironic result of the efforts of one of their own to stay out of prison.

Philly Alderisio—at least until recently—has always been known as a gangster's gangster—a swaggerer, but an organization man. In 1965, however, he was sentenced to 4½ years in prison for trying to shake down a Denver oil promoter. (He had ap-

proached the man with this introduction: "I'm Phil Alderisio. I'm here to kill you.") Philly isn't one of the major intellects of the Chicago Mob, but he was smart enough and rich enough to hire a topnotch defense attorney, Edward Bennett Williams.

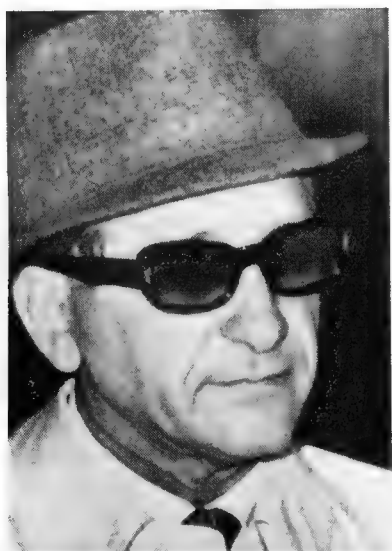
To date, Williams has done well by Alderisio. The mobster has served no time on the extortion conviction, as a result of appeals based on Williams' effort to show that the government's evidence was tainted by illegal electronic surveillance. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that Alderisio and his counsel are entitled to examine the government's eavesdropping files where Alderisio was a participant, and on May 5, the Justice Department delivered to Williams partial transcripts of conversations logged on four FBI bugs in Philly's Chicago haunts. This makes a lot of people, by no means all of them gangsters, very nervous about the possibility of disclosure in open court of what the government overheard in the Armory and other places. (Among the other places, it is known for example that a federal bug was located for a considerable stretch of time smack across the street from City Hall in the First Ward Democratic Headquarters, which functions as a link between the Mob and Mayor Daley's political machine and police force.)

Philly Alderisio may not have thought up this maneuver for staying out of prison, and in the end he may be no happier with it than some of his rough-riding buddies are. In any event, the contents of the government logs which have been shaken loose as a result of his tactic present as direct and startling a picture of Mob life as has yet been seen—gamey, gossipy, authentic, and in some cases terrifying. Excerpts appear on the following pages.



FELIX ALDERISIO

**'Meet me
at the
Armory ...**



MOMO GIANCANA

FBI microphone was planted in Giancana's "office" in the rear of the Armory Lounge in suburban Forest Park, Ill.



... and let's talk about it'

THE MOB

*NOTE: In the following conversations, **** indicates that an obscenity has been omitted.*

TIME: Oct. 10, 1961

PLACE: Armory Lounge

CAST: Moe Giancana; John Formosa, Giancana's Nevada courier.

SUBJECT: A Nevada gambling casino and its principal owner at the time, Frank Sinatra.

FORMOSA—Sam, I think you gotta start . . . giving them orders: "This is it, Frank," and that's how you got to start. Aren't you going to be tied up with Cal-Neva?

GIANCANA—Who gives a **** about Cal-Neva? **** him. Don't worry about it. And I'm gonna wind up with half of the joint with no money.

FORMOSA— . . . He was real nice to me. . . . I had a chance to quiz him. I said: "Frankie, can I ask one question?" He says: "Johnny, I took Sam's [Giancana's] name, and wrote it down, and told Bobby Kennedy: 'This is my buddy, this is what I want you to know, Bob.'" Between you and I, Frank saw Joe Kennedy three different times—Joe Kennedy, the father.

What, if anything, Frank told the late Robert F. Kennedy, then U.S. Attorney General, or his father, bore little fruit for Giancana. Kennedy put his name on the top of the list of Justice Department targets in Chicago.

GIANCANA—In other words . . . if I even get a speeding ticket, none of those **** would know me.

FORMOSA—You told that right, buddy. And I'm for you 100%, for that. . . . He [Frank] says he's got an idea that you're mad at him. I says: "That, I wouldn't know."

GIANCANA—He must have a guilty conscience. I never said nothing. . . .

FORMOSA—He [Frank] says he wrote your name down.

GIANCANA—Well, one minute he tells me this and then he tells me that. . . . One minute he says he talked to Robert and the next minute he says he hasn't talked to him. So, he never did talk to him. It's a lot of ****. Why lie to me? I haven't got that coming.

FORMOSA—I can imagine . . . tsk, tsk, tsk. . . . ****. . . . if he can't deliver, I want him to tell me: "John, the load's too heavy."

GIANCANA—That's all right, at least then you know how to work.

You won't let your guard down then, know what I mean?

FORMOSA—Why don't you talk to him?

GIANCANA—When he says he's gonna do a guy a little favor, I don't give a **** how long it takes. He's got to give you a little favor.

A long silence, then the talk turned briefly to Giancana's exasperation over the intensive government surveillance on him.

GIANCANA—I got more **** on my **** than any other **** in the country! Believe me when I tell you.

FORMOSA—I know it, Sam.

GIANCANA—I was on the road with that broad. There must have been, up there, at least 20 guys. They were next door, upstairs, downstairs, surrounded, all the way around. Get in a car somebody picks you up. I lose that tail, boom, I get picked up someplace else. Four or five cars, with intercoms, back and forth, back and forth.

FORMOSA—This was in Europe, right?

GIANCANA—Right here, in Russia—Chicago, New York, Phoenix.

The talk wanders to other areas, then returns to the affairs of the two entertainers, and the difficulties in booking one of them into a Giancana-favored nightclub.

FORMOSA—Dean and Frank, they made a deal, you know. It's a club now, or something.

GIANCANA—Yeah, I know. Them ****. . . . You see Dean, you tell him I want ten days out of him.

FORMOSA—Ten days?

GIANCANA—In other words, you get two weekends in.

FORMOSA—What if he says he's booked?

GIANCANA—Find out when he ain't booked.

FORMOSA—I'll tell him this is a must, right? Tell him you said it. Tell him: "Hey, Dean, this is a must. Sam wants you for ten days."

GIANCANA—Don't make a special trip. Call him.

FORMOSA—That **** prima donna. You can't call him. I gotta go there and lay the law down to him. So he knows I mean business.

GIANCANA—It seems like they don't believe us. Well, we'll give them a little headache, you know? . . . All I do is send two guys there and just tell them what they're workin' at. . . . Bang, you crack them and that's it. Just lay them up. If he ever hit the guy, you'll break his jaw. Then he can't sing.

TIME: Oct. 11, 1961

PLACE: Armory Lounge

CAST: Giancana and a man named Pete.

SUBJECT: Tony Accardo's court troubles. He had been convicted in federal court on Nov. 11, 1960



of income tax fraud. On Jan. 5, 1962 a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals would grant him a new trial, and he would be acquitted. Chicago's First Ward contains Giancana's political machinery. Here he can pull levers in both the Democratic and Republican parties. The Republican ward committeeman is Peter J. Granata. The Democratic committeeman is John D'Arco. Until Giancana ordered him to get out of the city council, D'Arco was the First Ward alderman. Vito Marzullo is an alderman from the West Side 25th Ward.

PETE—I got a call the other night, last night . . . Joe B's [Joe Batters, nickname of Tony Accardo] . . .

GIANCANA—Don't worry about Joe B's . . .

PETE—One of the judges said: "Heavy water coming from the north. . . ." There's only one Republican out of this three. . . . I've got three. . . . I think we ought to get a hold of D'Arco, Marzullo, and we'll talk to----[a judge].

GIANCANA—I'll tell you, Pete, you call me and I'll work on it personal. I'll come down to D'Arco.

PETE—Let D'Arco get a hold of Judge ----, he's a Democrat.

GIANCANA—And then what? What do you expect him to do?

PETE—Tell him, what the hell. See, we got those guys [naming two other judges] . . . they said all right. But who the hell gets it, see? I'll get a report on it in a day or two.

GIANCANA—It'll take a couple of weeks. Tell D'Arco to get a hold of Judge ----.

PETE—Yeah, and I got another guy talking to----[the judge].

TIME: Evening of Dec. 7, 1961

PLACE: Armory Lounge

CAST: Giancana; Bernie Glickman, boxing manager.

SUBJECT: The management of Charles (Sonny) Liston, the boxer, which involves Tony Accardo (here referred to by his nickname "Joe Batters").

GLICKMAN—Yesterday, you were very, very nice and everything.

GIANCANA—Yeah?

GLICKMAN—I asked you if I should say anything to Joe and you said "No." I must tell him [Accardo] . . . I must say something.

GIANCANA—Well, if he asks you, you can tell him, that's all. If he don't ask you, forget about it.

GLICKMAN—That I will do. I just wanted to ask. I wanted your permission. So, I want you to know. I won't say a word. Liston knows what he has to do. . . . [Liston] has assured me that no matter what happens when he's champion, I'll be with him. He doesn't trust a human being, except me. He needs somebody with him. . . . If this fight [with Floyd Patterson] comes off, it's gonna be in excess of a million dollars. That's gonna be his purse. . . . Liston . . . was mine from the can [prison] on. . . . Do you think I should go through with our thing? Or drop it? I don't want to start anything that's gonna be a reflection on you. I don't want no troubles.

GIANCANA—You don't be in no trouble. Come on, don't worry about it.

GLICKMAN—O.K.

TIME: Oct. 11, 1961

PLACE: Armory Lounge

CAST: Giancana; Lou Brady, a Florida hustler.

SUBJECT: The cancellation of a murder contract the gang issued for Brady. To avoid the killers, Brady had fled to Texas. Now he has emerged from hiding and is trying to convince Giancana that he had not made off with that \$90,000 from the sale of the Florida home of another Chicago gangster, Paul Delucia. Brady hopes to return to Florida without being killed if Giancana can be induced to put in a good word for him with the Florida branch of Cosa Nostra.

BRADY—I took and went to Texas . . . like a **** hermit, like the middle of Siberia, where you got



Picture at far left shows unbuckled Alderman John D'Arco and Chicago union boss Frank Esposito taking the sun in Hollywood, Fla. at the time they were being stalked

by mobsters aiming to murder Esposito. Among the would-be killers, all Chicago gangsters, were Jackie Cerone (left), Davie Yaras and Fiore (Fifi) Buccieri (above).

to send away to get a **** pound of macaroni. Sam, all you got to do is make a phone call. Just make one call and say: "You know that fella [Brady], he's with me."

GIANCANA—I don't make telephone calls.

BRADY—All right, write a note, put it in an envelope, seal it and give it to me. I'll deliver it.

GIANCANA—That's all right. I'm going down there [to Miami] in a month anyway.

BRADY—What's the matter, Sam? You wouldn't write a note for me to carry?

GIANCANA—What the hell. All I have to do is go there.

No word has been heard from Brady in recent years. He was last reported seen headed out to sea on a boat with Florida Cosa Nostra Boss Santo Trafficante.

TIME: Feb. 11, 1962

PLACE: A Miami cottage rented by John (Jackie) Cerone, a sidekick of Accardo and an Alderisio associate.

CAST: Jackie Cerone; Davie Yaras, Miami chargé d'affaires for the Chicago gang; Fiore (Fifi) Buccieri, leader of Giancana's assassination squads; and Jimmy Torello, one of Buccieri's killers.

SUBJECT: The proposed kidnaping and killing of Chicago Union boss Frank Esposito. He is being stalked but has been inconveniently spending most of his time basking with John D'Arco. The killers have no love for D'Arco but he presents logistic problems.

CERONE—They . . . lay there and watch, but that **** [Esposito] never left his **** porch. All he would do all day long is walk to the **** front and then walk to the back. He walked three or four miles every day, but that **** never left his porch.

YARAS—I wish **** we were hitting him [Esposito] now, right now. We could have hit him the other night. We went to prowling the house . . . there was just Philly and he.

CERONE—Yeah, that would have been a perfect spot to rub him out.

. . . Well, if we don't score by the end of the week . . . then we got to take a broad and invite him here.

YARAS—Leave it to us. As soon as he walks in the **** door, boom! We'll hit him with an **** ax or something. He won't get away from us.

BUCCIERI— . . . Now if he [Esposito] comes with D'Arco . . . we do everybody a favor. We would do everybody a favor if this **** D'Arco went [was killed] with him [Esposito].

CERONE—The only thing, he [D'Arco] weighs 300 **** pounds.

(Later, same conversation)

CERONE—Get the boat tomorrow.

YARAS—I'll get the boat and everything else.

CERONE—We'll get him on the boat if he takes a walk—then it's nothing for me to call him.

YARAS—Yeah, then you can say: "Hey, Frank, what are you doing here?" You know what I figured we could do? Early in the morning we could go there in bathing suits. When we got him in the car, we don't have to do nothing to him in the car.

CERONE—All right. Here's what we do. Monday, we work. We start. Skippie [Frank Cerone, a kinsman of Jackie's] and Davie [Yaras] will work on it. Next morning we go out there and we do it all over again. Even I can go out there one morning. We can take turns. The guy must take a ride. Maybe he won't do it in a week, maybe the 10th or 11th day, he might take a ride alone. We can pull our car right alongside . . . we can all step in . . . even if it's daytime. One guy grabs the wheel, throws him in, let him holler.

BUCCIERI—Well, we got that knife and he's got to move, with us jabbing him with that knife.

CERONE—We'll put him on the floor and away we go. We can ride around with him. Before we do it.

BUCCIERI—Well, we got him **** after we get him in. We'll drive slow.

CERONE—Yeah, we can drive around and then we can find a prairie. We can have everything with us, the ax and everything.

BUCCIERI—We can't let any blood show. We got to keep the guy alive until we're in a good, safe spot.

CERONE—Oh, no, you can't touch the guy until we get to the car.

BUCCIERI—Yeah, we keep him alive until we're ready.

CERONE—Yeah, you can't afford to have a man dead on your hands. I got the contract [the murder assignment]. Did you know that?

BUCCIERI—Yeah.

Esposito's life was spared when the FBI notified Florida authorities of the murder plan. As they sat around Cerone's living room, planning to chop up Esposito, the gangsters talked of other jobs in other times, chatty and giggly as school-girls. Cerone recalled his attempt to murder Jim (Big Jim) Martin, a policy betting king, a job botched because Cerone was using outdated ammunition.

CERONE—So when I banged the guy, I called him with a full load . . . but it had to go through a Cadillac. I blasted him twice. Joe [Accardo] says: "Is the guy dead?" And I said: "Sure, because when I nailed him, his head went like that, you know?" The next morning, the headlines are in the paper. The guy is still living . . . this double o [double-o buckshot, a shotgun load] was 10 years old . . . it wasn't fresh, so the guy lived.

YARAS—That's one thing, when I use that double o, I got to use fresh ones [shells].

CERONE—The guy [Martin] was a big nigger. He left the country and went to Mexico. That's what we wanted anyway. We wound up with all his policy [lottery] games. The next day, I'm on the corner [where Martin was shot]. I

went to the place all dressed up. The squads [police] and the cars are all around. I'm right there. And everybody is talking and I say: "Oh, that's terrible. But them **** niggers, they're always fighting one another, you know."

Cerone always boasted that few people outside The Mob knew he was a triggerman.

CERONE—I wasn't known for a long time. I kept away. I wasn't seen with nobody, never mixed. I was always hidden, for many years.

Cerone chuckled about that. Then another killing crossed his mind.

CERONE—I remember one time we was on this guy for a week. You know, you get close and you blow it and then you try again. So this one night, we pull up on the guy and he's with his wife. So he [Cerone's partner in the crime] said: "What the ****, I'll get him." So I grabbed the wheel and he jumped out and chased the **** a half a block, but he nailed him. Remember that time you popped that guy and you rolled him over a couple of times and he lived?

YARAS—I didn't do that. . . . Oh, yeah, now I remember. I did that with Johnny. I'm gonna tell you a funny story. You know, I think that **** tried to hit me the same time I hit him. I swear. Because he put a shot right through the windshield.

It was Buccieri's turn, then, to reminisce about a victim he called Polecat.

BUCCIERI—I remember we had to hit him in the belly, then we had to burn him. We couldn't even get the handcuffs on him.

Cerone put a question to Yaras.

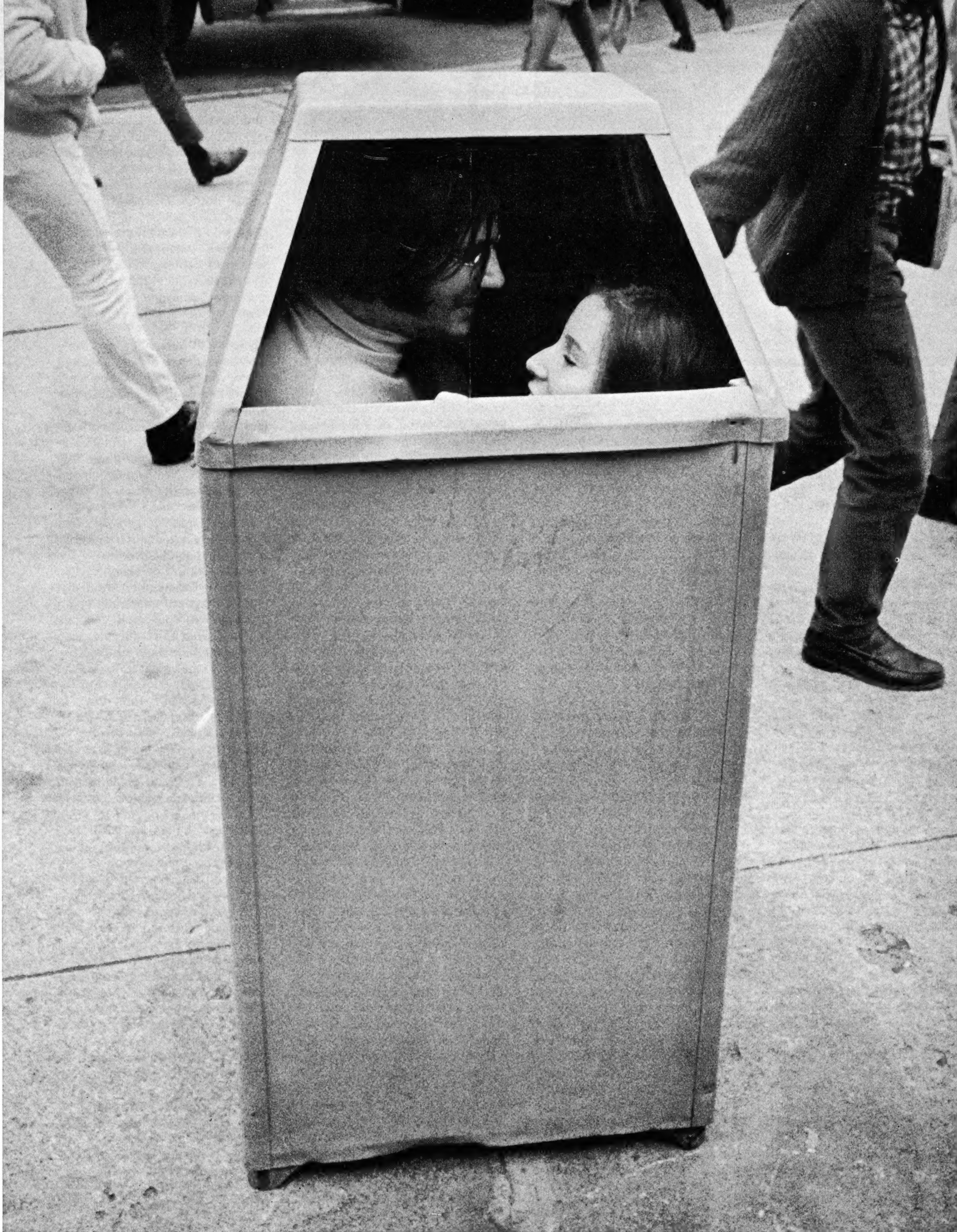
CERONE—All these **** years, Davie, why didn't you move in on some of these **** guys down here [in Miami]?

YARAS—First of all, down here they got the lights on [law enforcement pressure and publicity]. You hate to be connected. But these New York **** in Miami . . . I'll tell you something. You think we got some bad guys? These [New York] guys are real ****. They want to knock their heads around. You don't like to be with them.

CERONE—If I was down here all these years, Davie, I would have moved into those guys.

YARAS—Yeah, but with some of these guys, you couldn't do nothing with them. You should see some of these guys. They won't even let nobody else on the track. You'd have to hit them.

CERONE—Have to hit them all. ◀



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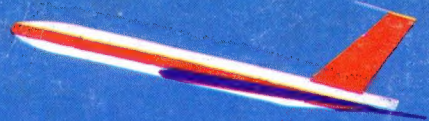
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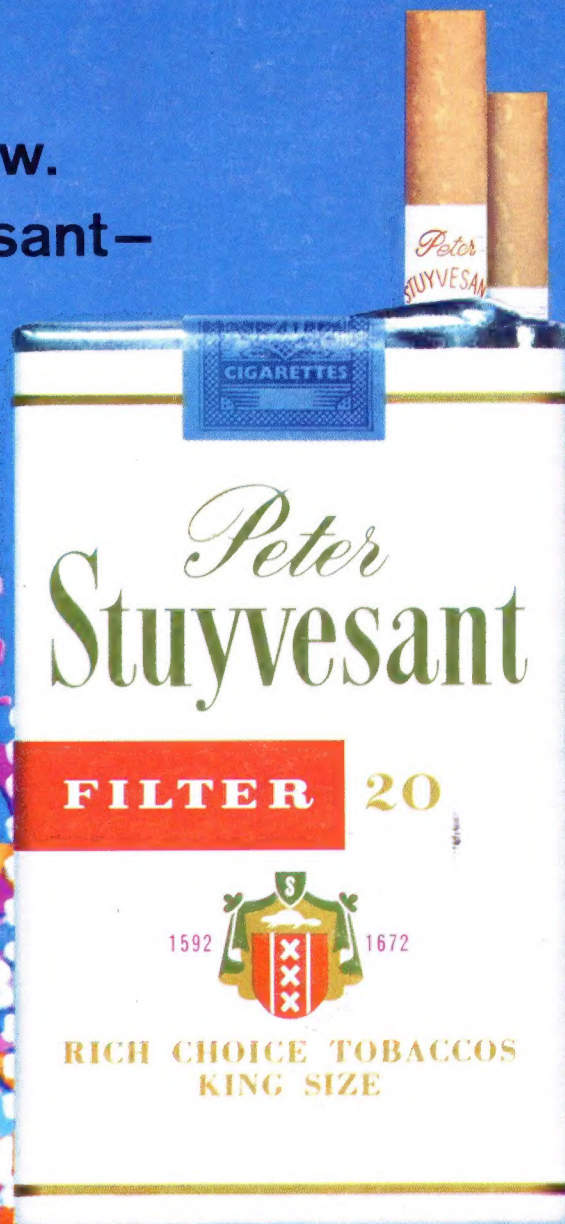
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